

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN TO RESTORE THEM

The Rise and Fall of the Paris Bordellos

SEPT. 1963
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IF DR. FREUD
SAW OUR BEACHES!

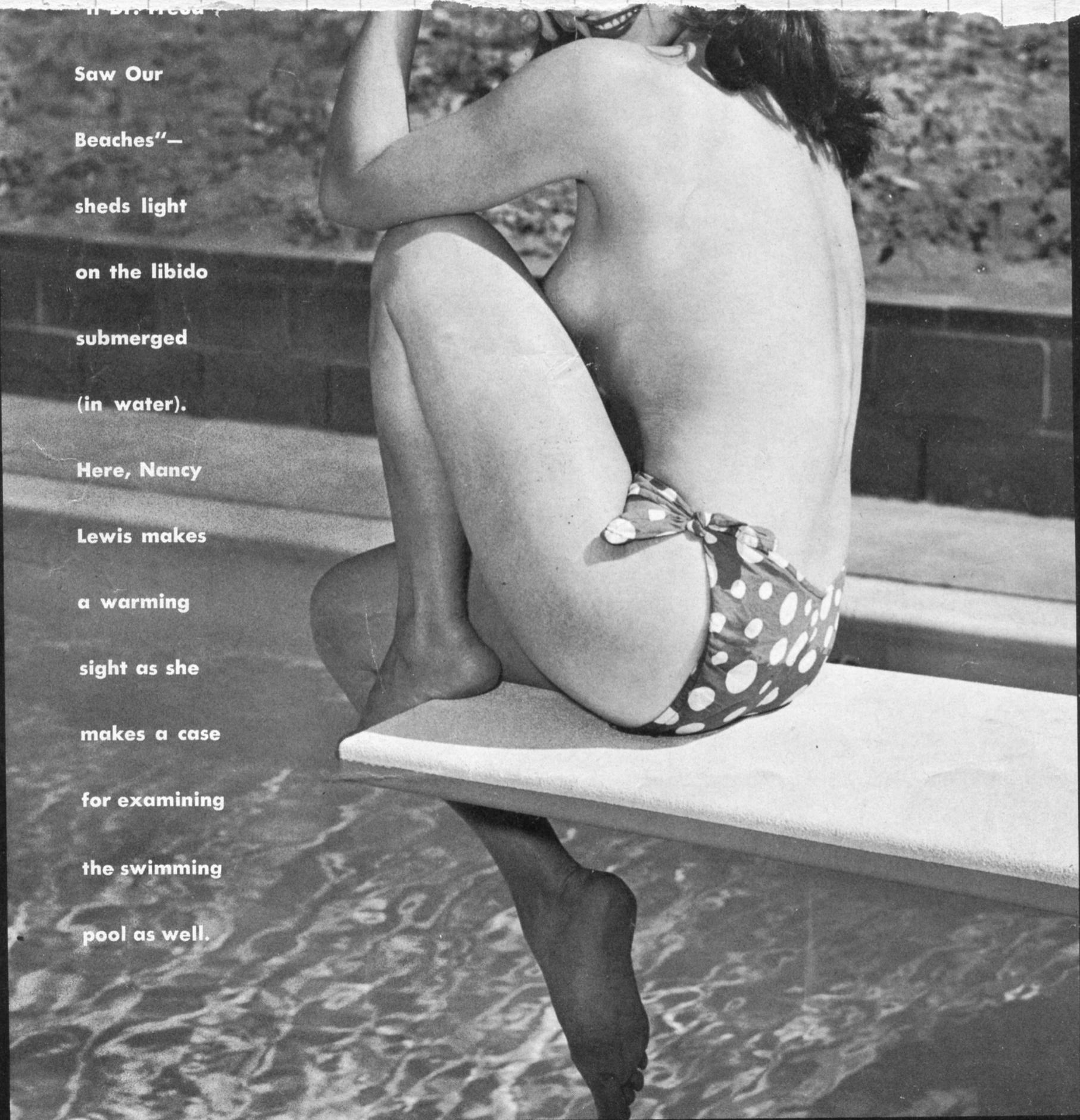
THE LAST OF THE HE-MAN SPORTS

THE TAMING OF THE MILLIONAIRE SHE-DEVIL

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD L. LEWIS

**Saw Our
Beaches"—
sheds light
on the libido
submerged
(in water).**

**Here, Nancy
Lewis makes
a warming
sight as she
makes a case
for examining
the swimming
pool as well.**



ACE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

LARRY REICH • editor

MICHAEL PAUL RAND • art editor

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SEPTEMBER, 1963

VOL. 7, NO. 2

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COVER PHOTO by Prange

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Do you feel that getting ahead in life requires the kind of luck that you can buy for \$7? What is offered here is not a gilt-trimmed rabbit's foot, but it is the Wall Street Journal. This venerable publication has an ad, titled, "The Luckiest \$7 I Ever Spent." To quote a section from it: "I sent for a trial subscription. For the first time in my life I began to understand why some men get ahead while others stay behind." The ad amplified this by talking about new inventions, new industries and new ways of increasing one's income. So, good ACE readers, you have our blessings to subscribe and see if the Journal doesn't put *you* hundreds of dollars ahead.

Perhaps you're a time-capsule bug, one who desires to preserve past events on records. It's not a bad idea, either, because it certainly *would* be wonderful to hear Lincoln's Gettysburg Address again, delivered by the Great Emancipator himself. Yet, Ramrod Productions is offering you a chance to start *now!* "Listen to the Legend," they cry out. "Now Eddie Fisher adds to the legend of the Winter Garden, the legend of Jolson, of Cantor, of the great one-man shows. Here is Eddie Fisher's magic night, recorded *live!*" Maybe, but we think something's missing—like a few words from Liz Taylor.

Do you take a fancy to clear water? Well, the Bahamas Development Board has an ad which says, "Simple fact: The water of the Bahamas is the clearest in the world." To prove it, the ad shows an unretouched color photo of a girl swimming underwater. Unfortunately, while we'll admit the scene looks inviting, the water is still a bit too murky for us purists. There's a stream in back of our summer cottage that looks clearer.

We've always liked the ad for a New York restaurant that calls itself "The Second Most Charming Restaurant in the World."—Wilson Devries ●

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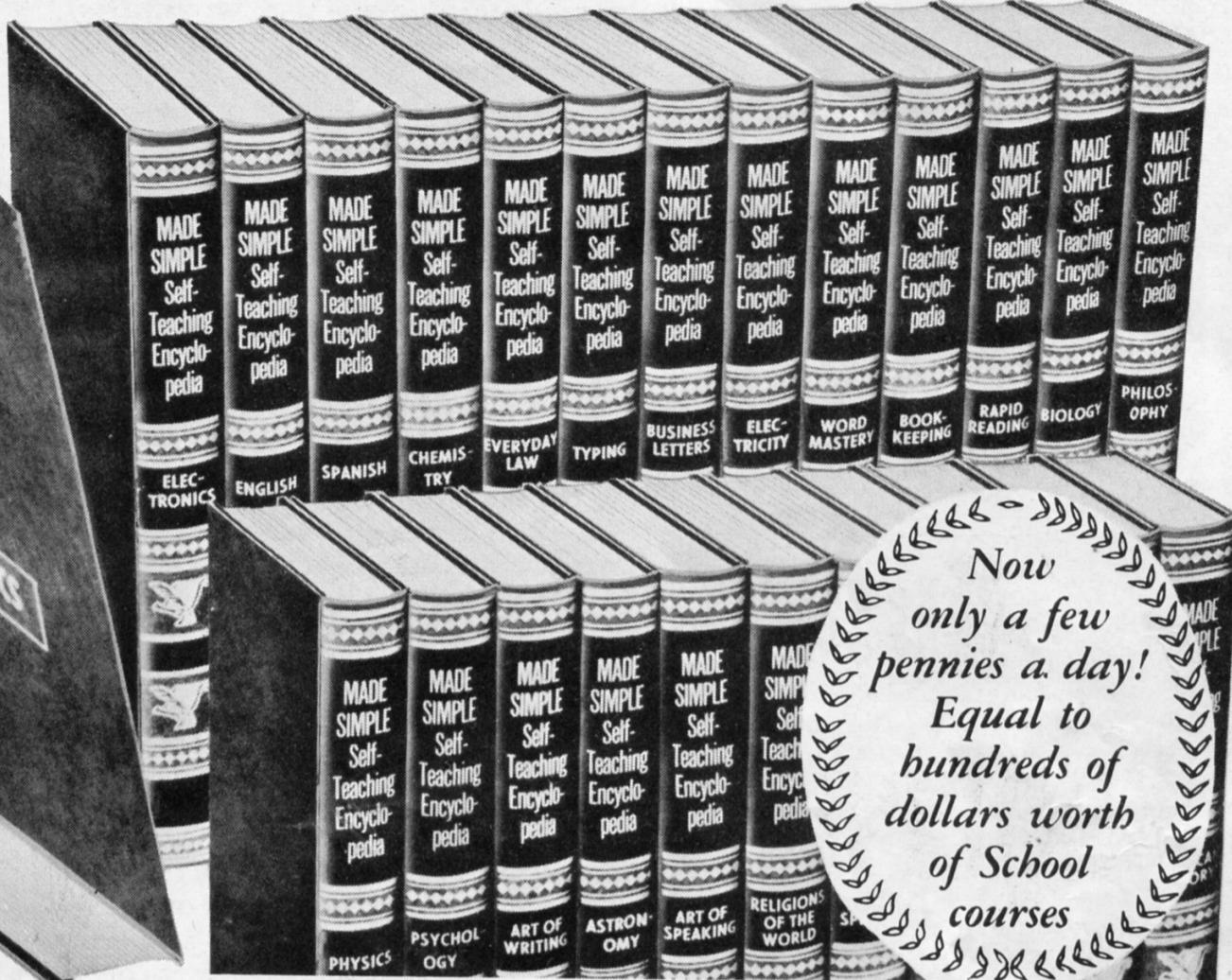
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simple principle makes airplanes fly and teaches us to make moving objects move quickly and easily. Other books give you Bernoulli's Law, molecular action and other confusing terms. By the time you got to the experiment, if there was one, you wouldn't understand it. Here you read a simple explanation, do the experiment and then learn the technical terms, so you learn naturally, by doing, without memorizing anything. This has worked for many people who thought they were more hopeless than you may think you are.

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FOLKSY Hoots

Dear ACE:

Lucius Dawes gave an extremely interesting account of the evolution of folk singing ("The Battle of the Folk Singers," July), but I question whether he is correct in describing those more artistic performers as "anti-sexual."

In fact, I believe that there has been too much ado about the Freudian implications in modern living, and I suppose your Mr. Dawes would call me anti-sexual, too, for saying such.

However, I think that by adopting the approach he uses, Mr. Dawes is obscuring the real meaning and sentiment of modern folk singing, and thereby is doing the many talented and sensitive performers a grave injustice.

Christopher Lawes Jr.
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Dear ACE:

Congratulations to Lucius Dawes! He really puts those phonies in their places. Actually, these youngsters have taken the folk out of folk singing, preserving an ultra-refined stylization of something that used to have considerable meaning.

It is strange hearing songs created long ago by virile men, sung in the much older tradition of the castrati. It is almost like listening to a concert of abstract mathematics. I hope the present trend doesn't go on to infinity, though.

R. N. Avakian
Cincinnati, Ohio

SURFING UP HEALTH

Dear ACE:

Maury Delman's article, "How to Chase Women and Improve Your Health" (May), left out a sport that has stood many Romeos quite well—surf boarding. It gives a girl plenty of opportunity to show off her athletic prowess, as well as her beautiful form. In addition, there are plenty of thrills to tide a girl over

until a Romeo gets her into the bedroom.

Robert V. Lasagna
Santa Barbara, Calif.

LOVE AND RICHES

Dear ACE:

It should be pointed out that there are many pitfalls in accepting franchises which your article, "How to be a Tycoon the Easy Way" (July) didn't go into deeply enough. Mainly it is the fact that companies often give a pie-in-the-sky sales pitch, such as, "Give yourself a little time, and if you're half a salesman, you'll make a fortune." The truth is that many of the locations up for franchises cannot be mined by even a super salesman.

Finally, I think a man is often tempted—as the result of the rosy picture painted by the companies—to go into a business he doesn't care about. Thus he is licked before he starts.

Sam Gregarios
Biloxi, Miss.

Dear ACE:

You should be commended for your article on franchises. I have always wanted my husband to go into business for himself. Your article has tipped us off to where we can look—and it may eventually prove to have opened a new life for us. Thank you so much.

Mrs. Mary D. Costigan
Youngstown, Ohio

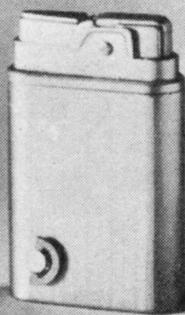
THEY'RE "DE-LITA-ED"

Dear ACE:

The cover girl on your July issue, Lita Cervon, is certainly the greatest thing to come down the pike since Helen of Troy sent the Greeks and Trojans at each other's throats. She has the look of eternal youth about her, and yet she's mature enough to make any boy feel very much like a grownup man.

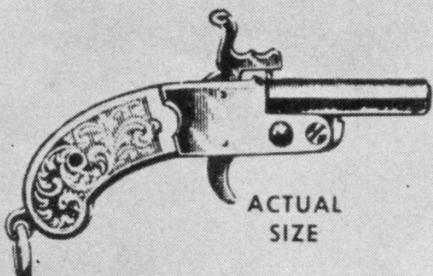
Charles Zareski
Hedley Lehr
Dubuque, Iowa

Ace MAGAZINE GIFTS OF THE MONTH



MUSICAL LIGHTER

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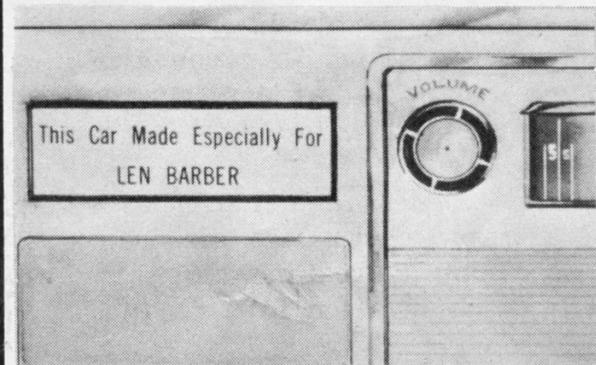
The Setting: high noon. The Place: your choice. The Motive: show those office doubters who's the local big shot. The Weapon: world's smallest pistol (1 1/2"), which fires blanks with the noise of a howitzer. Looks real in its nickelplated steel—but perfectly HARMLESS. 25 blanks included. \$3.95

FOR THE GALS IN YOUR LIFE The ideal gift



SEVEN SISTER STEP-INS

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging embroidered panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they came in seven different, delicious colors? The filigree box can be used as a jewel case. \$6.95



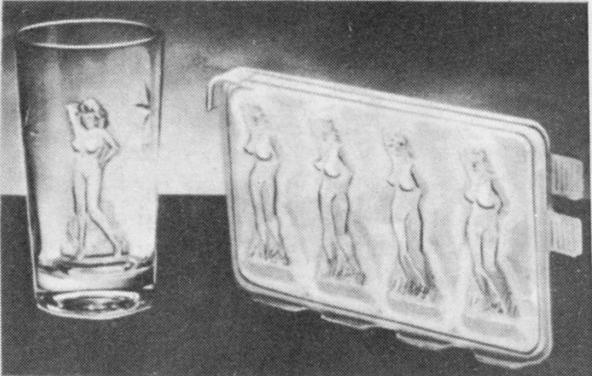
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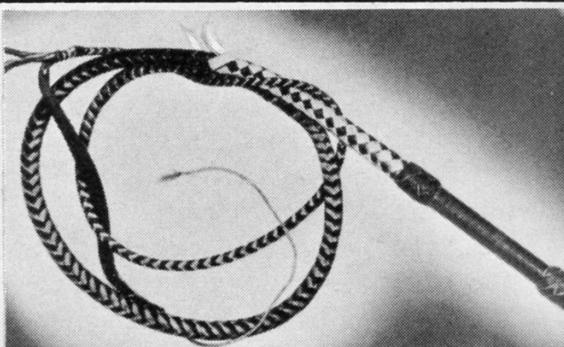
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THE TAMING OF THE

FICTION

It's often quite easy to

underestimate a young hellcat.

Yet in this instance, it

took a man whose brains

matched his brawn to take

her and make her his own.



MILLIONAIRE SHE-DEVIL

BY HAL HENNESEY

I, MAC SUTHERLAND, know more about the Gillette-Muldoon affair than anybody, so I suppose I should be the one to tell it. The truth about it, I mean. A lot of ugly lies have been circulating around, and because of the way it all turned out, it's time to wipe the slate clean.

At the time of the "affair" (I can't think of a better word) I was secretary-treasurer of Gillette Gems, Ltd., of Georgetown, British Guiana. Although certain wits insist G.G. makes razor blades, they actually mine diamonds. The mine and field headquarters is located in the jungle away up near the headwaters of the Essequibo River. A dozen British and American admin-

istrative personnel live in a cluster of ugly buildings near an even uglier native village from which they get the hired help. It's all pretty depressing—except for the pay, which is the only thing that keeps most of them there.

Anyway, our beloved boss and owner of the outfit, Jason Gillette, was a cantankerous but good-hearted old bastard who, because he was human, had his troubles. This story begins about a year ago when his biggest trouble was his 19-year-old daughter, Judith. It seems that, after her mother died, Jason stuck Judy in a posh eastern U.S. girls' school. "Stay here till you get married," he told her. Then he came down to the bush, thinking his problem was solved.

But Judy was too much like her old man to have her life mapped out for her like that. There were too many areas on her own personal map marked "unexplored"—and Judy intended to fill in those blank spots. The next thing old Jason knew, his daugh-

(Cont. on p. 63)



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS BORDELLOS

BY CLAUDE H. JANNECK

ON THE 13th DAY of April, 1946, a French institution that served as a magnet for men all over the world was brought to a sudden and shattering halt. Parisian housewives and a young generation of moralists had won victory in a battle which had been going on for more than 50 years. The bordellos of Paris — the fabulous *maisons de tolérance* — were being locked and bolted for the last time.

Theirs was a long career and an honorable one. In their day, these luxurious pleasure houses had served kings and dukes, members of international society, as well as ordinary men from every corner of the earth who visited Paris in order to see "life."

But now they were a thing of the past. The law was written and the handwriting was clear. The Paris bordellos were dead.

But if 1946 can be given as the date of their death, what year can be assigned as the birth date of the bordellos? Or were they always as much a part of the Paris scene as was the river Seine?

As far as prostitutes are concerned, no one can say when they got there. Perhaps a shapely contingent of *demimondes* were already on hand to greet the invading Romans when they captured the place in 51 B.C. If not, you can be certain

that those ancient masters of the art of love wasted no time in training likely young ladies to enter the profession.

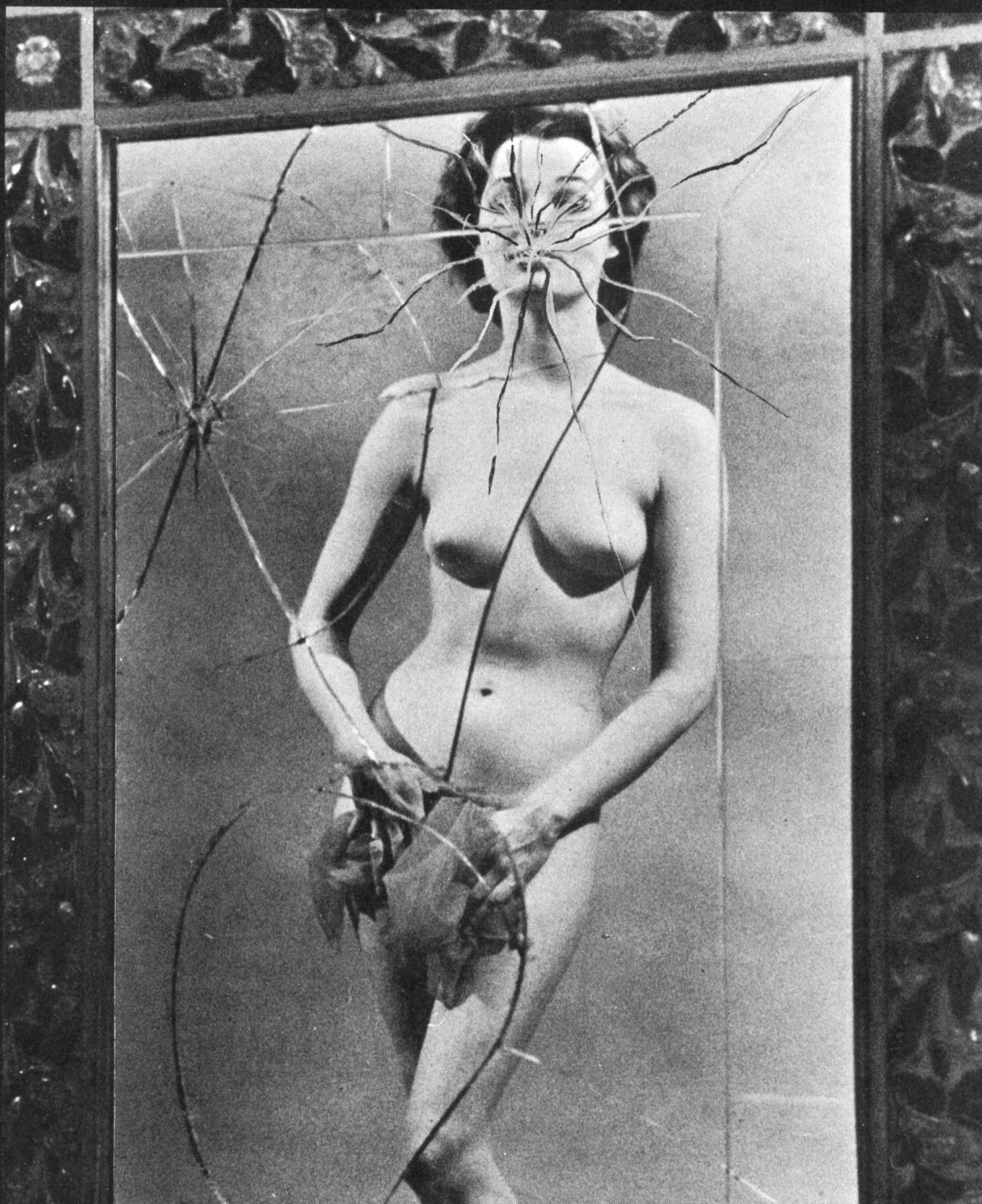
Since that time, however, they have never left.

There have been sporadic attempts to "purify" the city, of course. But these were as doomed to failure as the try by King Louis IX, who ran France from 1226 to 1270.

Louis, who was brought up by a domineering mother, often reads like a character invented by the late Sigmund Freud. He hated sex in general, prostitutes in particular, and would amuse himself by inventing strange punishments for any of his knights who was caught visiting a lady of the evening.

What really flipped His Majesty took place when he learned that the Parisian gay girls were living and dressing better than many a virtuous housewife. The solution? Bounce them all out of town.

The ladies moved, all right—to just beyond the city's borders. There, they set up shop in small cottages that were known as *bordes*. If a man wanted to visit a prostitute, he had no choice but to go to her *borde* and so the name became associated with houses of ill repute. Eventually, a diminutive was added and *borde* became *bordello*.



**The world's
oldest profession
never reached
to more dazzling
heights than it
did in the City
of Light. And in
its prime it was
the big reason
why gay Paree was
so very, very gay.**

You might even say that bordellos can date their birth to 1254 when Louis IX decided to clean up Paris.

The earliest bordellos were not very luxurious places. They were painted green (considered to be a "nasty" color) and kept small, Spartan, and bare. A nobleman might keep his mistress in luxury, but this was another matter.

A reason for this was that most Parisians agreed with Louis that prostitutes should not be

allowed to make much money. Any who wore furs and jewelry were liable to have them stripped off by a crowd of angry women.

The only spots which did foreshadow the later luxury bordellos were steam baths — the idea of which was brought back to Europe by returning Crusaders. The baths often featured food and drink as well as mixed bathing, and ones used by prostitutes provided spots where couples could pair off.

(Cont. on next page)

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS BORDELLOS

The real rise of the bordellos, however, did not begin until the last days of the monarchy.

Prostitutes at this time were not only beautiful and expensively dressed, they were highly specialized. One bordello for example, was staffed by so-called *Sunamites* who were chosen because of their resemblance to famous society women. The girls were not only dressed and made up to look like their originals, they were even trained to imitate their speech and actions!

Still other houses employed *Chanteuses* who were supposed to be able to sing a man into a passion or *Causeuses* who could talk a man wild. Perhaps the most interesting specialty was that of the *Restauratrices* who prided themselves on being able to fan a final spark of life into the most elderly client!

In the very finest of these establishments, such as the one known as *The House of Jeanne la Grande*, you could have taken your choice of these and still other specialists.

After the monarchy was swept away in 1789, the French republic removed a final barrier to the rise of the bordellos. This was the fear of "social disease" which cast a nagging shadow over the most luxurious pleasure house. The Parisians did this by licensing the brothels and forcing each girl to undergo a regular medical inspection.

The Paris police were in charge of this arrangement, and they took their responsibilities seriously. By 1881, they employed no less than sixteen doctors solely for this purpose! But if the net result of the new inspection system was to turn the bordello into a princely pleasure palace, that result was a while in coming. In the early days of the revolution there was even talk of outlawing the bordellos altogether. This was partly due to the natural puritanism of revolutionaries, but mostly because the gaudy establishments of the past were associated with the hated aristocracy.

France had to wait until Napoleon

III founded his Second Empire before there were *maisons* to compete with those of the days of the final kings.

The best-known madams and the most beautiful of the prostitutes were not only queens of their own *maisons*, but were accepted into the highest circles of society. They ruled a special world of their own called the *demi-monde* where a duchess and a courtesan stood on equal terms.

Many of the madams of that period had highly respectable backgrounds, and they looked for brains as well as beauty when they hired a lady of the evening. One of the most popular prostitutes was an English girl, named Cora Pearl, who came from a middle-class background.

Where did the madams find the sort of girls they wanted? The best place to look was on the outskirts of the aristocracy. A pretty girl who separated from her husband, for example, was often deluged by offers from the different deluxe establishments.

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 put an inglorious end to the glorious empire of Napoleon III. The end of the war saw the country overrun and in sad shape economically. Add to this a good deal of social unrest, and you can see why it took until almost the turn of the century for the bordellos to rise again to their former heights. But when they did, they kept on climbing.

There is little doubt that the Paris bordello reached its highest peak of luxury and sensuality in the years from 1895 to 1914. During this time, all the techniques and variations first employed in earlier eras were restored and refined, while new techniques and variations were developed.

This period has come to be known as *La Belle Epoque*, and it was highlighted by such lovely and famous ladies of the evening as Coco Marmier, Gaby de Naval and Liane de Pougy.

Even the ordinary *maisons* were delightful places for a man to visit. The girls, whose ages ranged from twenty-one through the middle thirties, wore expensive make-up, sheer, transparent robes and had their hair done daily by skilled hairdressers. The girls were all registered with the police, and twice a week would receive a physical examination.

The girls in these lesser houses worked from two in the afternoon until three o'clock the following morning. By that time, the most glamorous of them would have made arrangements to sleep out with a favorite client. The others would retire to the attic where, in contrast to the more luxurious scene below, they slept by pairs on small iron cots.

The finest establishments did more than provide shapelier and more glamorous girls. In the first place they were exclusive. You could not even get inside the front door unless you had been properly recommended to the proprietress. And, once inside, you could be certain of meeting the most fashionable members of the highly glittering Paris society. It was said at the time, that it was harder to get into one of the better Paris bordellos than it was to be admitted to a top English club.

Once you had entered, however, you were in a world of rich almost Oriental lavishness. The draperies and carpets were expensive. The pictures and tapestries that hung on the wall had a subtle eroticism. (The more blatant delights of the "French postcard" were reserved for the back-alleys and were tacked to the walls of *insoumises* or plain street-walkers.)

The women were all beautifully built and dressed according to the latest fashions. They were remarkably intelligent and could hold conversations on a wide range of subjects. The education and new freedom of mind that men resented in their wives and fiancées, they found exciting when it (Cont. on p. 67)



CAN
YOU
TOP
THIS?

Natural blonde Ariane La Roche proves she's still a natural beauty with

black hair. What can look smarter than this curvesome charmer with a wig?



Remember the Greek

**myth about Leda and the
swan? In her pool**

Ariane makes like lovely

**Leda—bewigged,
bothered and bewildered.**

Out of the pool, this

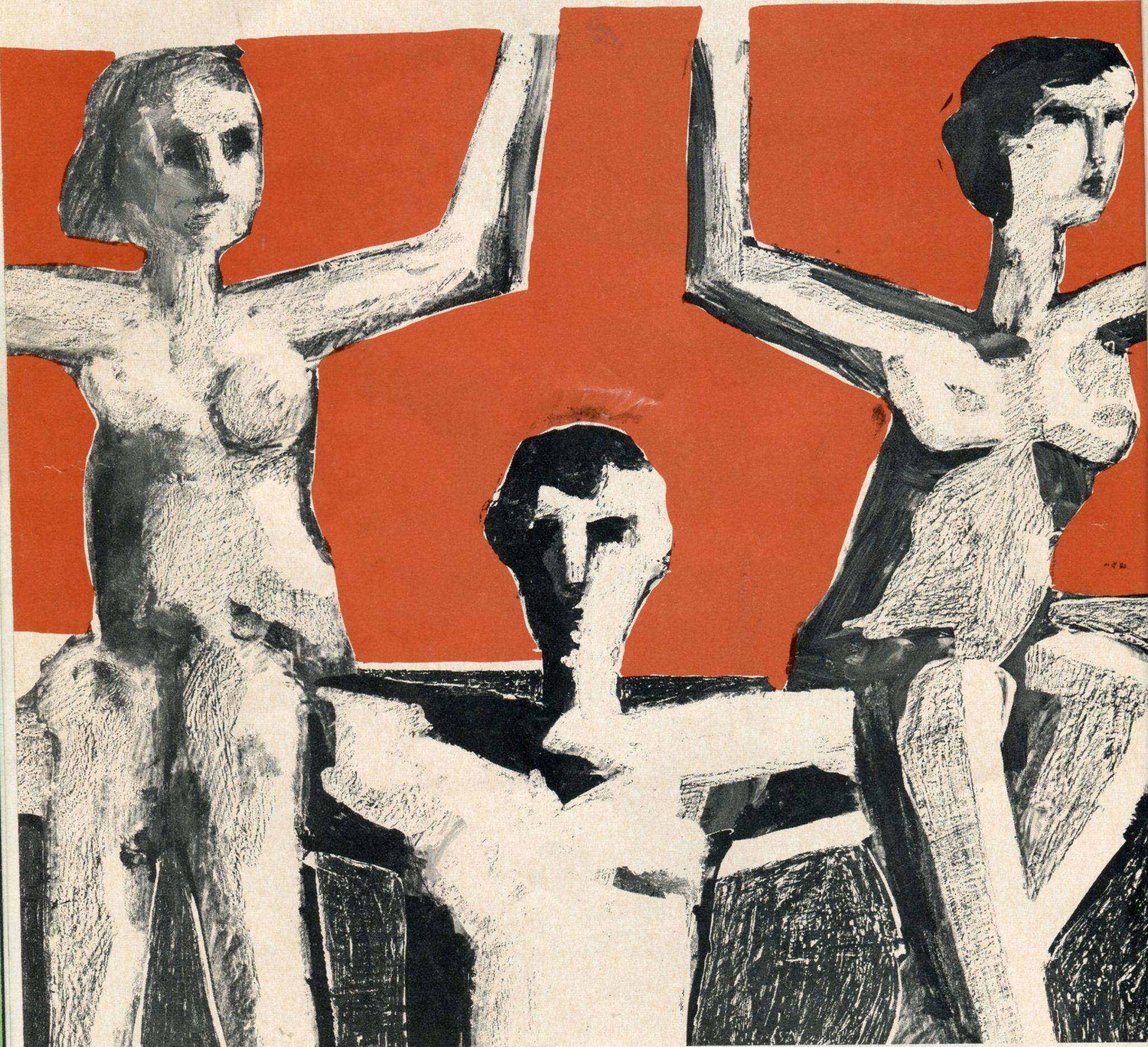
**luscious lass shows
that she's still quite
a "swanderful" vision.**





FICTION BY ROGER WILKS

THE MAN OF



FINANCIAL AFFAIRS

TO BE A SUCCESSFUL FORTUNE HUNTER, A MAN MUST BE EQUIPPED TO ENJOY THE PASSIONS OF DETACHED LOVE.

IT WAS, ARCHIE KNEW, going to be one of those days. His life was just too damn complicated, and complications had a way of coming to a head—a painful head. And that about summed up the prospects of the day, or so it seemed to him as he rolled out of bed around mid-morning, rang for coffee and shaved himself carefully while he waited for room service to deliver it.

After the second cup, although the prospects hadn't changed, things didn't look quite so bleak. Archie dressed slowly and carefully and when he stepped through the hotel's revolving doors into the warm Roman sunlight the picture he presented would have done credit to a men's fashion magazine. He strolled across the Via Veneto to the little cafe where he was meeting Simone for lunch.

Ah, Simone, he thought to himself as he walked towards the outdoor table she sat at, waiting for him. She bounced up and down a little in her French way as he approached. It was her way of greeting him; it was also her way of reminding him of their energetically passionate nights.

Ah, Simone! When she bounced everything bounced. Her short summer skirt played peek-a-boo with flushed thighs and her breasts wriggled half-free of the loose, low-cut peasant blouse no real European peasant girl would ever be allowed to wear. Her red hair tossed about her bare shoulders and her hips circled the wicker chair in an impatience that lunch would do little to abate.

"Allo, Archie, mon cher." She followed through on an upward bounce until she was on tiptoe and kissed him warmly on the lips.

"Ah, Simone," Archie verbalized the feeling. "You look *tres* beautiful today."

"Just today?" She pouted playfully.

"Every day. It's just that every sun finds your

beauty increasing. You always are a revelation."

"Whoever said ze Engleesh were reticent and not romanteeec?" She kissed him again and pulled him to a chair.

"The same fellow who said the French are hot-blooded."

"You don't find eet so?"

"It's too true."

"So? You don't like eet?"

"Privately very much. Publicly very much too, but I have this neurosis about husbands wandering upon such a scene."

"I thought you like my husban'," she teased him.

"I do. Very much. I just have the feeling that if he saw you kissing me that way it might interfere with our friendship."

"You really do like Fred; zat surprises me. I don't like heem at all. He ees such a bum. He ees lazy; he ees no good."

"Well, Simone, you're looking at him from a typically wifely point of view. Perhaps because I don't have to live with him, I find him likable."

"He ees a lazy Engleesh bum. He doesn't work; he doesn't even look for a job. I 'ave to support heem and he even gambles my money away."

"I don't work either."

"That ees different, Archie. You 'ave money."

"Not really."

"I know bettair. You 'ave more zan enough money. Fred ees always broke."

"Maybe I'm just luckier than he is."

"A man makes hees own luck," Simone told him and changed the topic.

But he thought of the remark later, after she'd left him to go back to her job as a secretary with the Roman branch of a French perfume company. It was true. In many ways he did make his own luck—both good, and bad.

(Cont. on p. 60)

Mr. Robert Jones

Room No. 1412

BILLS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE AS RENDERED

BY
HUNTINGTON
CARVER

Rent				\$42.00
Room Tax				1.26
Telephone				2.00
Laundry				3.25
Valet				7.50
Television				
Cash				
Telegrams				
Sundries				
Restaurant				
Miscellaneous				
		Room Service		200.00
		Total		\$251.00

Love on a Credit Card

THE PLACE is a bedroom suite in a swank Manhattan hotel. The time is in the early evening of a certain date last January.

A businessman who's spending three weeks in New York City, attending to his company's affairs, finds himself unexpectedly alone for the night. Not knowing what else to do, he decides to order dinner alone in his room and get an early start to bed.

Shortly after he phones room service, however, a smartly uniformed bellhop appears at his door. The attendant is very respectful,

and hems and haws for the proper amount of time before getting down to cases. At last, though, he asks the businessman whether he wouldn't like some companionship for the evening.

"Companionship?" the businessman repeats, not wanting to commit himself until he knows the score.

"Yes, sir. Attractive feminine companionship."

The hotel guest is definitely interested. But a minor hitch suddenly comes up. The lady's fee—as outlined by the attendant—is high. And, for one reason or another, the business-

man does not happen to have so much cash on his person. What can he do?

The bellboy gives him an impatient shrug. "You belong to a credit card plan?" he asks.

The guest does. He gives the name of the credit firm to the bell-hop.

"Then everything is fine, sir. I can easily arrange to have this service charged right on your card!"

Does this scene sound fantastic? Like a chapter out of a cheap paperback novel? Perhaps it does. Yet it did happen; what's more, scenes like it are taking place every day in

**It's pretty common these days for
businessmen to throw credit card parties
in posh hotels, and the most popular
game is one with kings and queens wild.**



cities and towns across the nation. Nevertheless, this is just a small part of the complete picture. Our enterprising bellboy is merely one example of a new use for credit cards which is becoming more and more blatantly common throughout the United States: The finding and paying for sex.

If a man has one of these magic plastic pasteboards in his wallet, he can come up with just about what he wants in the way of kicks. He can have his fun now and worry about paying for it when the bill comes in at the end of the month. In some

cases, he never has to worry about paying for it at all!

Does this affect many men? Far more than you'd think. Several million people have joined one or more of the various credit card plans since their first sprouting during the 1950s. And most of these card-holders are men—and men with know-how, savvy and a zest for life.

Almost invariably, credit card holders have a knowledge of the good things in life—wine, women and song in particular—and are used to having them.

The reason for this is that not

every man can get a hold of a credit card. If you were to apply for one, for instance, your income would be checked very carefully. One outfit, American Express, does not like to give cards to anyone who makes less than \$7500 a year. And Hilton Credit refuses to give Carte Blanche to a man who's less than 26 years old.

The companies carry their choosiness to the extreme of being careful about where they pass out their promotional literature. According to a report in the *Wall Street Journal*, a paper which has become the busi-

LOVE ON A CREDIT CARD

nessman's bible, the Diners' Club pulled out their advertising displays from over a thousand bus depots "because they were attracting 'undesirable' applicants."

Even if you're accepted by a credit card plan, there is no guarantee that you'll *stay* in. If your income drops, for example, you are likely to be dropped with just as hard a thump. In a single year, one credit card outfit dropped some 40,000 people in what was described as a "preventative action." In a recent two-year period, another company cancelled a grand total of 200,000 cards.

So far, we've been talking about individual card holders. But there is an even more privileged class of card holders who have an even better reason for playing fast and loose on the cuff: This is the company card man.

The company credit card has several good legitimate reasons for being. In the first place, buyers *do* have to be entertained. As a well-known clothing manufacturer told me recently, "I realize that entertainment has nothing to do with whether or not a man has a good dress line. But unless our salesmen wine and dine the buyers whenever they come to town, our sales drop so fast it makes my head spin.

"It isn't reasonable, and personally I don't like the system much. But there is nothing I can do about it except to encourage my men to give the customers anything they want."

Also, in many cases, business deals seem to go smoother and faster in the relaxing atmosphere of restaurants, night clubs and golf courses than they do in the more formal atmosphere of an office.

"I don't think I've ever finalized a major deal inside an office," reports one executive of a large advertising agency. "There's something stiff and formal about an office setup that inhibits people from getting together. Give a man a few drinks, show him a good time and he becomes less tense and suspicious and more ready to do business."

I asked about the presence of girls. "Do they make an evening more successful and relaxed?"

"Good-looking girls will make any time of day more successful," he laughed, and then went on more seriously: "Look, no sharp, top-notch operator is going to sell himself down the river simply to have a well-built girl for free. But if you supply the girls, their presence will certainly make him think more kindly toward you. And as long as the competition is even, that is a big point in your favor."

Granted that companies need to lay out cash so that their top men can entertain, why bother with handing them credit cards?

For one thing, they have a more accurate knowledge of where the money is spent. A man who takes a few hundred bucks to entertain a customer can only give his word as to where and how the money was spent. For all the company knows he may stash part of the loot away until he accumulates enough to buy a load of goodies for his girl friend. But when a credit card is used, the establishment both stamps a receipt and the eventual bill.

Secondly, each credit card outfit has a great many different establishments that honor its holders. A company might have charge accounts in a few restaurants, but this way a customer can often be taken to the place *he* wants to go.

In addition, the credit card comes in mighty handy for a company who has its executives and salesmen on the road. They can use it for their own lodging, food and what have you.

One other extremely important reason is that, since entertainment and traveling expenses are a legitimate cost of doing business, a company needs some proof of how this money is spent in order to take it off its own tax returns.

These are all legitimate reasons. But there is one other credit card boon that nobody will talk about—at least, for publication:

Once a man gets in a certain income tax bracket, a salary increase does not mean very much any more. Most of it will be sent directly to Uncle Sam in the form of taxes. But a company credit card . . . Ah, there's another matter.

As long as our executive is wining, dining and girling to promote company business, he's spending company money on company affairs and certainly doesn't have to pay taxes on it. And who is to say when he is or is not on the job? A smooth-operating company man can get just about all the kicks he wants—*without spending a sou of his own!* Actually, a company credit card is often the equivalent of a very special, very nice sort of raise.

(A special note here: New tax laws, now in effect, are designed to eliminate this situation, at least partially. But, since at this writing no one knows just how they will be enforced, many of the company "cards" are still doing business at the same old stand. Also, some insiders believe that the laws won't make too much difference, anyhow, since ways will quickly be devised to get around them.)

So we have two classes of credit card men: The private card holder and the happy-go-lucky company man. Both of these types used their credit cards to soften up appropriate females for almost as long as the cards have been in existence. Not only can ladies be shown the town on credit, but jewelry, furs, handbags and other items dear to the feminine heart may also be purchased through the magical card. It is only one step away from the purchase of the ladies, themselves.

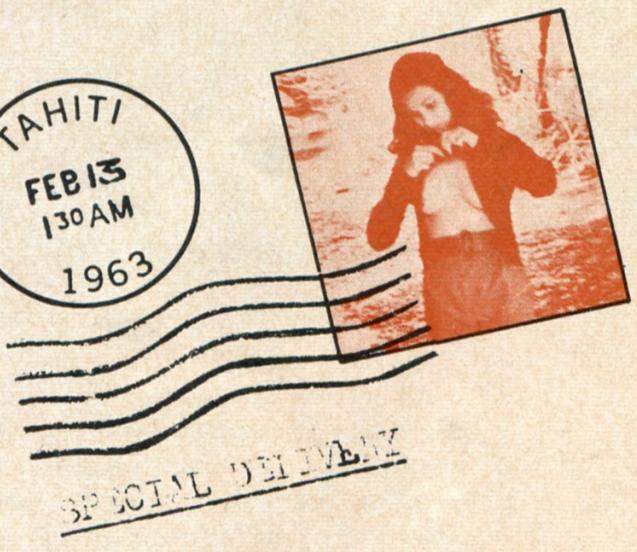
When such a step is both obvious and financially inviting, you can bet your brand, new credit card that somebody is going to take it. And this is exactly what's been happening during the past several years.

How does it work? Simplicity itself. Restaurants or night clubs will have a whole group of available ladies of the evening (Cont. on p. 67)

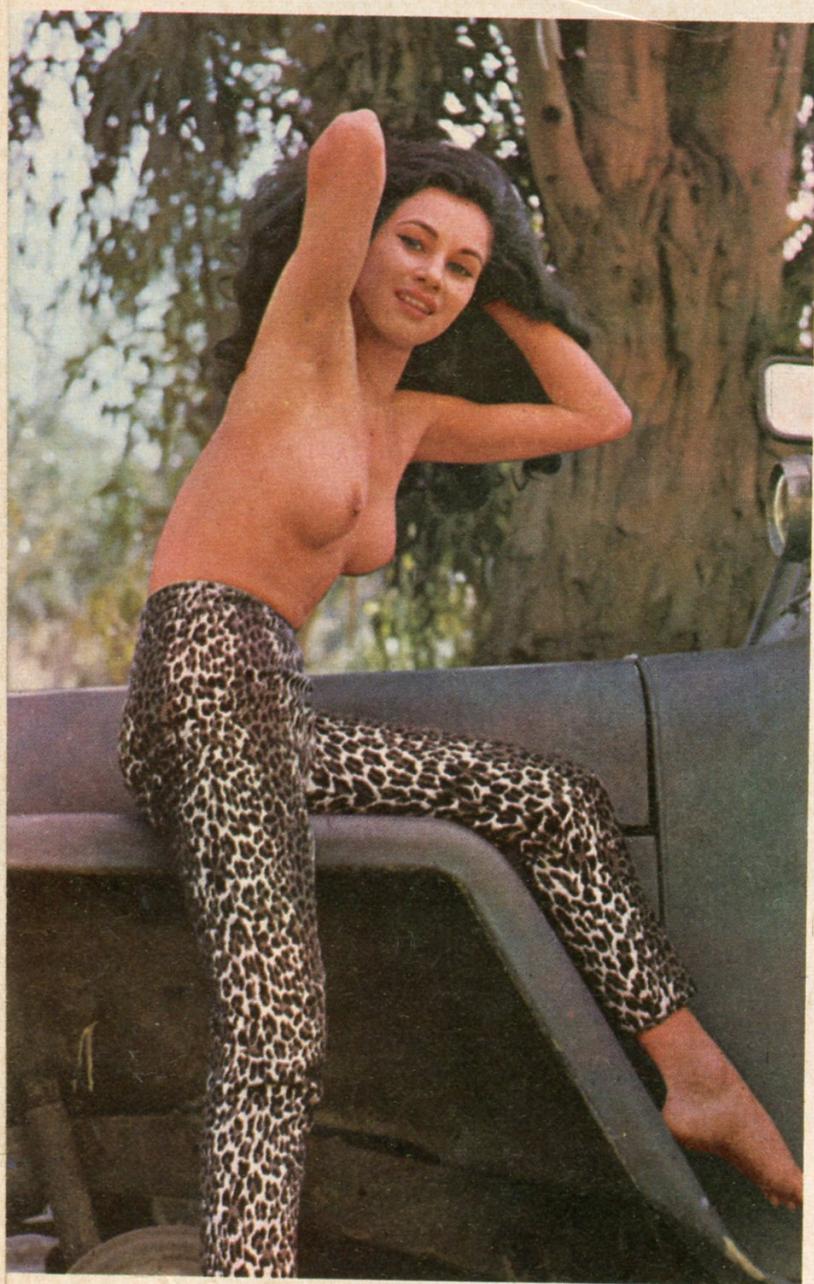


Special Delivery From Tahiti

Our photographer has turned up an exciting closeup of a Bounty descendant whose charms, needless to say, are most bountiful.



SPECIAL DELIVERY



She is named Rohena, after the highest peak on this paradise isle—and most appropriately—for gazing at her brings one to the peak of appreciation.



FROM our photographer comes the following tidbits, concerning his discovery: "How the movie people overlooked Rohena during the filming of *The Mutiny on the Bounty*, I'll never know. She's a school teacher, age 19, speaks fluently three languages—French, English, Spanish. Likes to swim and fish, also to dance (which she does like a professional).

"She's not sure which Bounty crewman she's descended from, but the best evidence points to Fletcher Christian. Yet, whoever her ancestor is, you can be sure she is doing him mighty proud."



**Mel
Tormé**

The Day He

BY JAY MARTIN



**It took many sessions
with a psychiatrist to take
Tormé out of torment and
turn him into one of the best
jazz singers around today.**

Came Out of the Fog

TAKE A SINGER who is also a musician and a composer. Load him up with more basic talent than almost anyone else in his generation. Give him an early head start as an idol of the teen-age crowd, and then let him go....

Let several years pass and what do you end up with? A solid favorite like Sinatra? A household name like Bing Crosby? Wrong. You end up with a *might-have-been*. A name which the average pop tune fan either doesn't remember at all, or—which is worse—only recalls as a shadowy memory out of the recent past.

Now, take the same man and have him turn his back on instant popularity. Let him leave the screeching mobs to Frankie Avalon and Pat Boone in favor of singing the kind of music he likes... the way he likes to sing it.

What comes next? Complete failure? A once-popular guy who has dropped out of sight as effectively as the hula hoop and the five-cent cigar? Wrong, again. You have a success this time. Not so spectacular as in the early days, but one that seems far more solidly established. Not created by over-enthusiastic female teen-agers but by jazz aficionados—the men and women who comprise the toughest audience in the popular music world.

The man is Mel Torme, a former child prodigy who was once tagged with the unhappy nickname of "The Velvet Fog."

In the late Forties—about the time when Frank Sinatra was starting on his temporary eclipse—Torme was picked by Tin Pan Alley insiders to be the next great crooner-heart-throb in the grand tradition of Russ Colombo, Crosby and Sinatra. He didn't make it. Today, however, he is in the middle of an amazing comeback which may yet see him remembered as one of the few top popular and jazz voices of our era.

"The trouble with Mel is that he has too many talents," one observer is reported to have said. "Everything came too easy for him. He never

had to work at it or even concentrate in one particular area."

Whether or not this view is an accurate one, it is certainly true that Mel Torme bounded off to an extra early start in show business. His first job came in his native Chicago when he sang with the Joe Sanders band every Monday night at the Blackhawk Restaurant. The year was 1930, and Mel was only four years old. The following year he decided to broaden his horizons and became a self-taught drummer.

But Torme's precocity was not limited to the music field. In 1933, he won a radio audition and became a popular and successful child actor.

While Mel was still in his teens, his career was showing all the signs of a success that many men must wait half a lifetime to achieve. At only fifteen he wrote a first-rate number called "Lament to Love," which was recorded by Dick Haymes and Harry James.

At the same time, he was going to the Hyde Park High School in Chicago where he put his professional talents to work as the drummer of the school band. Playing piano in the same outfit, incidentally, was another teen-ager who was talented in many different fields—Steve Allen.

When he left school, Torme took to the road as drummer and vocal arranger for an outfit headed by Chico Mark of Marx Brothers fame. A year later, in 1943, he made his motion picture debut in a film called *Higher and Higher*, which starred Frank Sinatra.

It was around that time when Torme decided to form his own combo, a small group called the Mel-Tones, which is still remembered kindly by music buffs. One of the group's biggest hits, "Stranger in Town," was written by Torme and has now become a minor classic.

After a hitch in the Armed Forces, Mel decided to make it on his own as a single. His major asset at that time was a peculiar growth on his tonsils which gave his voice that (Cont. on next page)

THE DAY HE CAME OUT OF THE FOG

husky quality capable of throwing most women into a romantic trance.

Hollywood, then making its post-war effort to recapture some of its earlier magic, felt that Torme's voice was just the gimmick it had been looking for. He was featured in such films as *Words and Music*, *Duchess of Idaho*, *Good News* and *Junior Miss*.

Everything was not quite so smooth and easy as it appeared on the surface, however. Some of the more cynical observers on the music scene were not touched by the vocal quality which made his "Blue Moon" a smash recording hit and earned for the singer his nickname, "The Velvet Fog." When the then-21-year-old Torme first opened at New York's Copacabana, for example, columnist Dorothy Kilgallen called him "an egotistical, untalented little amateur."

"It's true that Mel did often seem egotistical in his younger days," says one man who has observed him closely over a period of time. "But, frankly, I have always felt that it was less egotism and more defensiveness. Mel made it big while he was still very young, but to many of us he never seemed too sure of himself. He seemed constantly primed for destructive criticism. And when it came, he'd react by appearing twice as cocky as ever."

One problem was Torme's height (he is only five feet, seven inches tall) and his pudgy, almost baby-face appearance. Another was that nickname. During a performance, Mel could usually count on being called "The Velvet Frog" by a heckler.

Sometimes a member of the audience would shout taunting aspersions against the singer's manliness, and when this happened, Torme would often turn on his astonished tormenter with fists flying. Another reaction was to live his personal life in such a manner as to insure that whatever people thought of him, they would not consider him a "sissie."

He began to date madly. His name was linked with a succession of movieland lovelies, topped by the glamorous Ava Gardner. One Hollywood resident during this period remembers watching Mel often as he'd leave the NBC radio studios at Sunset and Vine. "He would always have a couple of real sharp lookers with him," this man recalled. "Never just one girl, you understand, but at least two. And he would have his arms wrapped around both of them."

Today, however, Torme himself admits that he had a rough time impressing women during that stage of his life. "Most women who have dug my music have thought I was a little doll," he said.

Partly to force people to take him seriously as a virile male, he began to roar around town on a motorcycle—a machine which, according to many psychiatrists, has become a standard 20th Century symbol for masculinity. He also started to collect guns and developed a rich vocabulary of tough-sounding curse words.

To no one's surprise, the result was not an uplifting of the Torme image. Instead, it led to faltering of his once easy-zooming career. Night club owners were gradually becoming wary of him. Even television, on which he had his own show in 1951, was starting to turn a cold shoulder to the former boy wonder.

Not that Mel was starving. With his rich and multi-faceted talents, he could always line up some sort of job somewhere. But his original promise was going unfulfilled. It was during this period, for example, that he made movies like *Girls Town*, a soap-opera melodrama which was every bit at flat as you would guess from hearing the name.

With his private life in chaos and his public career foundering, Torme had two basic choices. He could drift into anonymity or he could try to re-make himself.

He chose the latter.

What Mel accomplished, actually,

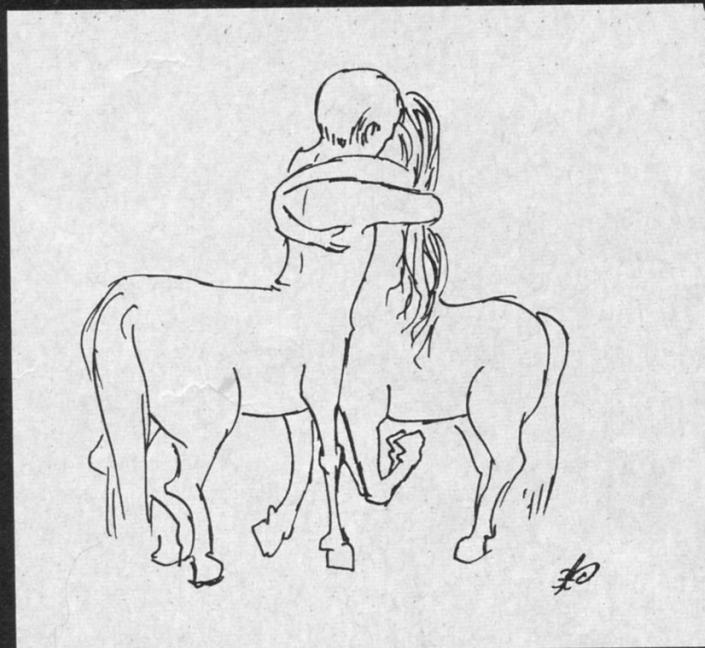
was not too different from what other entertainers achieved—but in his case there is apparently more success. He went for a course of psychoanalysis.

"In my opinion, Torme had two basic problems," explains a well-known New York analyst who, though unconnected with the singer's case, has made a long study of the problems of entertainers and other public figures. "In the first place there is his early success. Many people who gain fame early in life feel that *they do not really deserve it*. They develop a feeling of guilt about it. This in turn imposes a self-destructive pattern of behavior which is unconsciously designed to rid them of that success which they feel they have not earned. One does not need to look far to find young personalities who embarked on this self-destructive pattern. Frank Sinatra did it to a degree. Perhaps the best example comes in the literary field with the tragic life of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

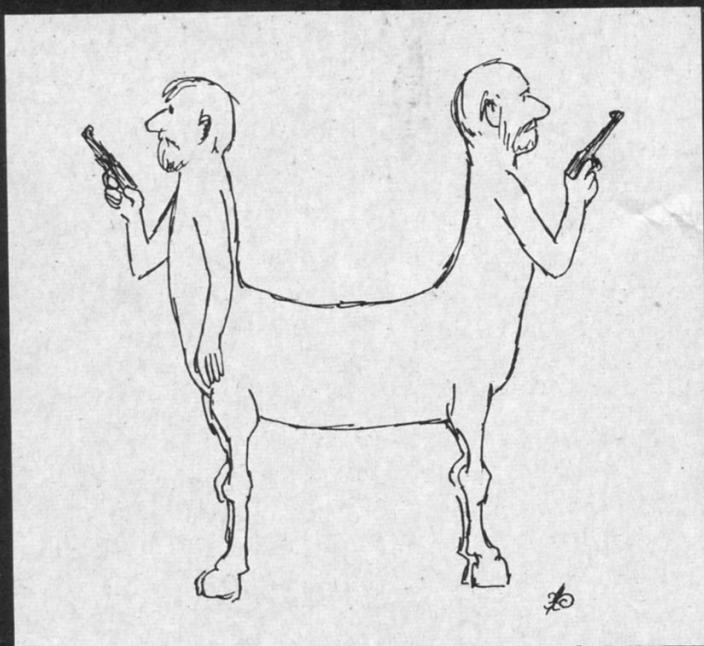
"His second problem," the psychiatrist continued, "was that of his height and 'baby face.' This made his stature as a performer seem almost ludicrous. If he could not be taken seriously as a man, how could he take himself seriously as an artist? The second problem super-imposed itself on the first and made the trend toward self-destruction even more pronounced."

Whether this analysis is correct or not, it is a fact that since his sessions on the couch began, certain strong changes seemed to be taking place in Mel Torme's life. As far as his public life is concerned, it was as if he decided that from now on his career would be guided by his own taste rather than what some panel of experts imagined that the public wanted.

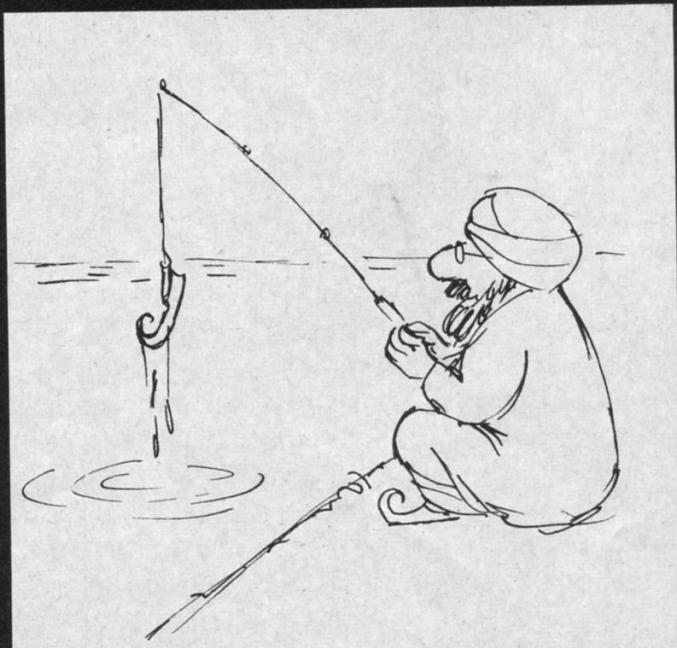
He had always been drawn to jazz. Indeed, his biggest hit as a composer, "The Christmas Song," has a smooth and easy lilt that makes it a favorite with (Cont. on p. 68)



Out Enough To Be In



THE WORLD of cartoonist Clayton D. Powers isn't exactly the kind of world that anyone else lives in. Yet, far out though he may be, his drawings touch upon situations all of us have encountered at one time or another. In other words, Powers is really in orbit. We feel he's an ace who belongs in ACE. What do you think?



Even the world's most famous head shrinker would find his ego puffed up, surrounded by so many glamor queens at America's seashores.



The superego is the part of the individual that enables him to adjust to his social surroundings. With Dawn Shannon (top) and Jackie Lord around, a superego could operate in super style.

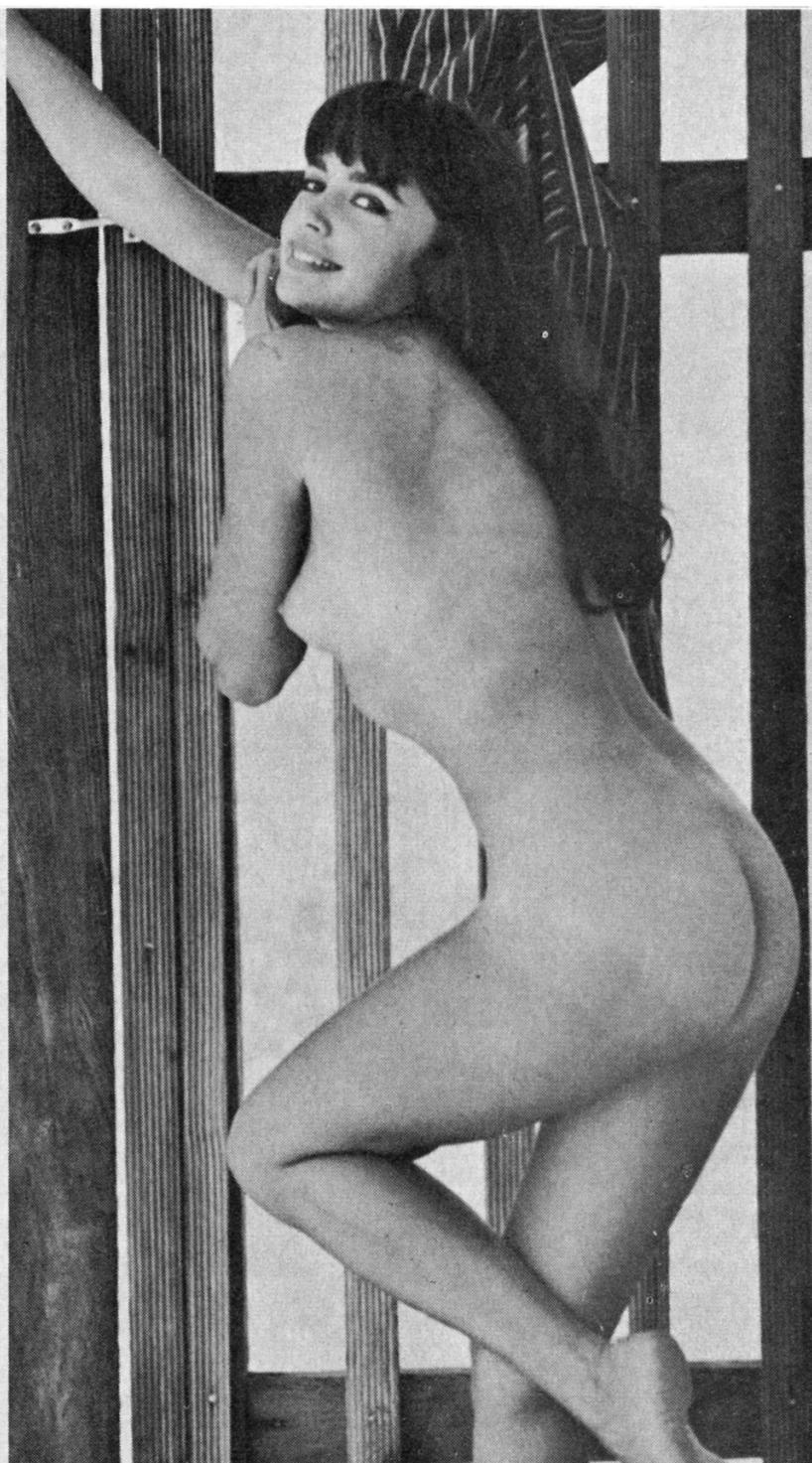
IF DR. FREUD SAW



In the early days of his career, Freud conducted a number of experiments with hypnotism. Were he alive today, there is no doubt the good doctor could make additional discoveries with the help of Gina Held (top) and Joan Bradley (below), two gifted spellbinders.



OUR BEACHES!



Lovely Laura Cummings exemplifies U.S. dream of life, libido and the pursuit of happiness.

ACCORDING TO recent statistics, the United States has more citizens undergoing psychoanalysis than any other nation. One explanation is that Americans are richer, more restless and more eager to find the secret of emotional freedom.

Yet, it's a safe bet that if Dr. Sigmund Freud, the man who founded psychoanalysis, were to visit the many sundry resorts and beaches along this nation's vast sea coasts, his libido would leap with all the vigor of an eager Romeo on the make. And why not? Freud was the first man in history who learned the secret of getting rid of repressions. What's more, the good doctor would be the first to admit that though the U.S. has the most citizens "hitting the couch," it also has the most who don't need to.

In evidence, we offer as exhibit A the luscious lasses on these pages, each so exciting and full of the joy of living. You won't find here any of the usual neurotic symptoms like anxiety, compulsion or hostility. These beauties know how to put the sigh into any well-adjusted "sigh-coanalyst."

Two ways to avoid anxiety neuroses are demonstrated by cool sirens, Pat Lewis (right) and Ann Lang.



Dr. Freud would admit American girls are tops in putting the id into mid-summer.

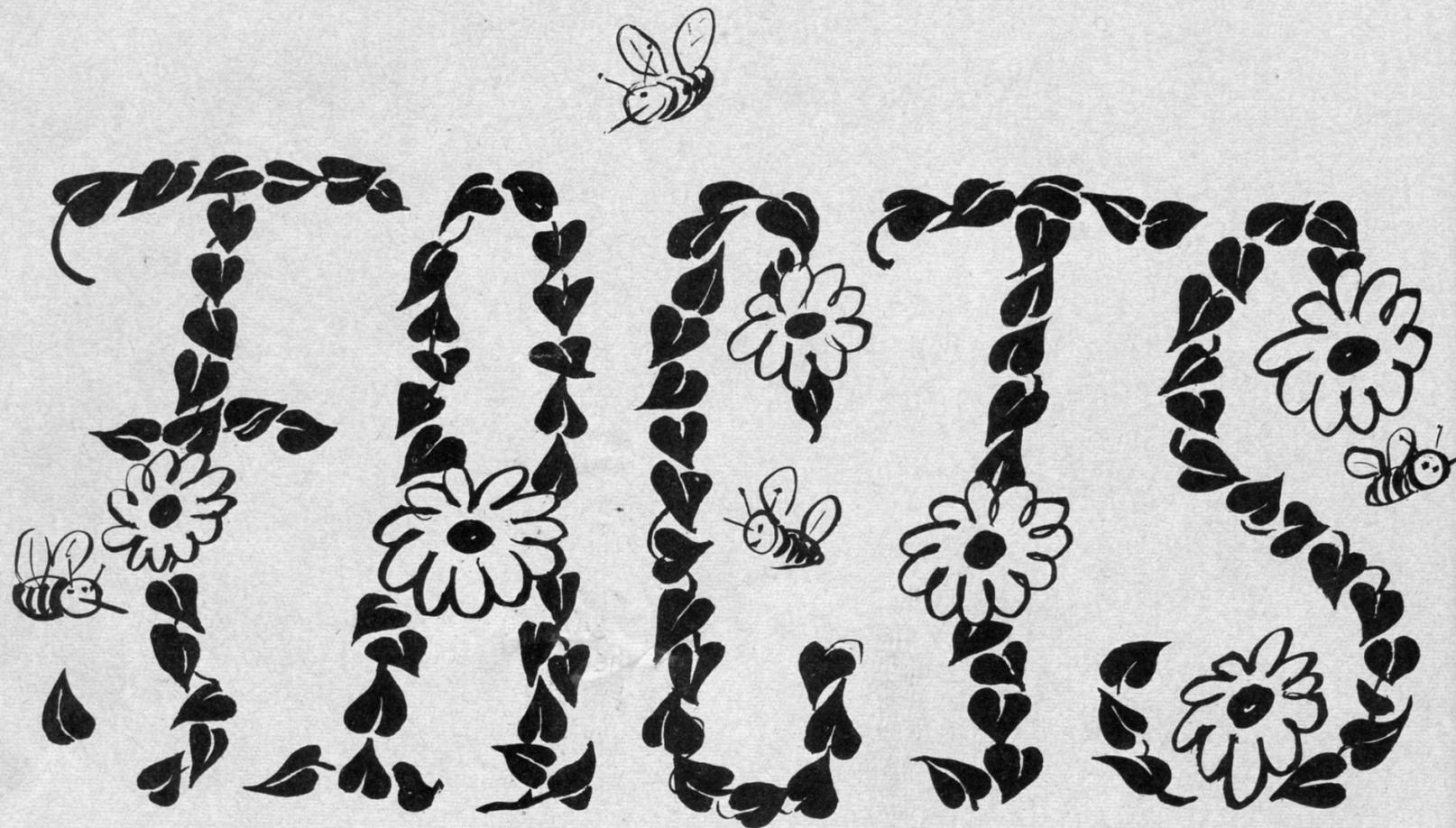


The way Cindy Cole and Jet Sawyer (right) get rid of repression can't help but make a good impression.





Dr. Freud had his patients lie down on a couch so that they could relax enough to reveal their unconscious. Yet, Linda Hillary, who's stretched out so snugly, would make any analyst conscious of the fact that she doesn't need analysis.



Of Life

Often a father who's played around advises his
son to stick to the straight and narrow—but just as often
the son will follow in his father's footsteps.

BILL, I'M GLAD your mother's gone out so we can have this chance to talk together."

"Sure, Dad . . . Uh, what did you want to talk about?"

"Well, when a boy reaches your age, almost eighteen, there are things that his father should discuss with him."

"Oh, yeah . . . Like what?"

"Well, Billy, corny as it sounds like the — uh — facts of life for instance."

"You're kidding, Dad."

"I am not kidding! And don't be wise with me. I know you think you know everything. When I was your age I thought I knew everything too. But when I got older, I realized just how little I knew — about girls, and, uh, sex, and things like that I mean."

"Yea? Like what?"

"Stop being flip, and stop leering too. This isn't so easy for me, you know. I'm doing it for you."

"Sure, Dad. I understand. And if there's anything I can help you with, anything I can explain, I'll be glad to."

"Now, cut that out!"

"Okay, Dad, okay. Sorry."

"All right. Now, first of all, there are two kinds of girls, good girls and, uh, the other kind. I don't have to draw a diagram for you; you can tell what kind a girl is right off the bat . . ."

* * *

"What say, chick, wanna give the kidneys a shake?"

"All right."

"I been glimming you all night. My name's Bill Carlson. What's yours?"

"Ann Drury."

"Oh, yeah. I heard about you."

"Meaning what?"

"The word is you're an icebox. Are you?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

"Careful, baby. I always take dares."

"Mmm? And I can't resist giving them."

"But I don't like being teased."

"You mean like this?"

"Well . . ."

"Or this?"

"Now that I like!"

"Still think I'm an icebox?"

"I'm beginning to have my doubts . . . But isn't this kind of public? . . ."

* * *

"Now, son, I never want you to do anything with a nice girl that you wouldn't want some other fellow to do with your own sister — if you had a sister. I've raised you to be a gent, so we'll just assume that it took and you don't go around molesting nice girls . . . Now, uh, about the other kind . . . The thing to remember is that they're usually teasers. They'll lead you on to a certain point and they won't let you go any further. Now, believe it or not, I can remember what it was like to be your age, all full of jizzum and such. When a girl leads you on that way and then stops you, the temptation is to try to force her to go all the way. Now, I want to warn you, that no matter what's gone before, you should never use force on a girl. You can get into a lot of trouble that way . . . An awful lot of trouble . . ."

* * *

"Ooooh! That feels good, Bill."

"You like it, huh, baby?"

"Yes-yes-yes! . . . Be careful, you're snagging your nail on my stocking."

"Sorry, Ann. That's the trouble with these damn compact cars."

"Don't apologize . . . Just don't stop! . . . Don't stop now!"

"Ann, this is gonna drive the two of us batty. It's silly; if we've gone this far, why not go all the way?"

"You know why not . . . Anyway, what's the matter? Don't you enjoy it? . . . Don't you like this?"

"Ohhh, Ann baby, you know I do . . . But I want everything . . . I can't take this . . . I've got to have you! Now!"

"Now, Bill! . . . Bill, stop it! . . . Stop it, I said! . . . Don't get violent! . . . Bill, I'm warning you, don't get rough with me!"

(Cont. on next page)

THE FACTS OF LIFE

... Bill, if you don't stop trying to do that, I'm going to hurt you! ... All right, Bill, you asked for it!"

"OWWEEOO-OO-OO! Oh, Oh! ... Ann, what the hell did you do that for?"

"I warned you."

"Oh, sonuva—Oh, that hurt!"

"I'm sorry, Bill."

"You should be! You damn well should be! ..."

* * *

"The thing is, Bill, if you force a girl, she's liable to turn around and scream 'rape,' or something just as bad. But anyway, I don't really worry about that. I don't think you'd take advantage of a helpless woman even if she wasn't a nice girl."

"Of course not, Dad."

"Right. You're not a rapist, or the kind of boor who'd force things on a girl, or anything like that. I know that. ... But let's say the girl is perfectly willing to go all the way ... Uh, have you—uh—met any girls like that?"

"Dad?"

"What I mean is, uh—It's an old-fashioned idea, I know, uh—But it might be nice to keep yourself—umm—pure for marriage. ... Now, stop that laughing! ... All right, all right! Forget I mentioned it!"

"You're too much, Dad."

"Forget it, I said! ... Anyway, what I was getting at is that even if a girl is willing, you've got to watch your step. First of all, there's the danger of disease, and then there are, uh, other considerations ..."

* * *

"Now, Bill! ... Now, darling! Now-now-now!"

"Yes-yes-yes!"

"Oh, Bill, I just didn't know it could be so wonderful!"

"Yeah. ... Face it, Ann, it sure beats petting parties in the car."

"It sure does."

"What are you laughing about?"

"I was just thinking how well you recovered from the last one we had. ... And you said you'd be ruined for life ..."

"I got over it."

"I'll say."

"Yeah. ... Like, look ..."

"Do we have time, Bill?"

"We've got the room until midnight."

"Well, then ..."

* * *

"Yes, Bill, other considerations. There's always the chance that the girl might get pregnant, for instance. Now, what's a fellow going to do if that happens?"

"You tell me, Dad."

"Well, the thing is to try to make sure that it doesn't happen. The thing to remember is that lots of

these easy girls, what they're really out for is to hook some boy into marrying them. And some of 'em aren't above getting themselves pregnant to do it ..."

* * *

"I didn't come around, Bill."

"Oh, no! Gee, Ann, I just don't know what to say. ... I mean, it's all my fault."

"It takes two to tango."

"Yeah, but you didn't want to and I sort of talked you into it."

"Don't flatter yourself. You didn't talk me into anything. The truth is I wanted to as much as you did."

"But what are we gonna do?"

"I don't know."

"I guess the only thing to do is for me to marry you."

"Well, you don't have to sound so miserable about it."

"I'm sorry, Ann. It's not you. It's just that this could really louse up both our lives. I mean, we never kidded each other. It isn't like we were madly in love or anything."

"No, we sure aren't madly in love."

"Still, Ann, I want you to know that I do like you a lot. I want you to know I'll see you through this. If we have to get married, well then, hell, we'll just get married. Maybe later we can have it annulled, or something."

"Well, aren't you the noble one! Relax. I don't want to marry you any more than you do me. The fact is, I don't want to marry you at all. You're okay to have fun with, Bill, but you'd make a lousy husband. You're too young for one thing. For another, I'm looking for a responsible, mature man when and if I ever decide to get married and settle down. We'll just have to think of something else ..."

* * *

"I mean, Bill, I know you're too intelligent to get yourself into a situation like that, but it just might happen. It's happened to a lot more smart fellows than you'd think."

"Really, Dad?"

"That's right. And when a fellow comes up against a situation like that, he doesn't know what to do."

"Well, what can he do, Dad?"

"The average boy, I don't know. But if you're ever dumb enough to get yourself into a mess like that, you come to me straightaway, you understand?"

"Sure, Dad."

"I'm your father, and I'll stand by you."

"Okay, Dad. ... But what will you do?"

"Well. ... Offhand, it's hard to say. ... Just have to cross that bridge when we come to it, and just be damned sure we never come to it."

"Would I have to marry the girl?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. There are other ways ..."

"Dad! You don't mean an illegal operation, or something like that?"

"Now, I didn't say anything like that! ... Don't go putting words in my mouth. ... Anyway, it's purely a hypothetical situation ..."

* * *

"I'm just calling to tell you that you can relax, Bill. Everything's taken care of."

"Thanks, Ann. Was it—Was it very bad?"

"Well, it was no picnic!"

"Gosh, I'm sorry."

"Well, don't get upset. I guess I'm just being dramatic. The truth is that it was no more painful than having a tooth out. The anticipation—I mean, I was really scared—was the worst thing."

"I can imagine, baby. It must have been awful."

"Well, anyway Bill, it's over now."

"Yeah."

"I want to thank you for getting up the money."

"Thank me, hell! I'm just sorry I didn't have it all. But it was all I saved up last summer."

"Well, it was just enough, along with the money I had, and it was nice of you to give it so freely."

"Hell, it was my responsibility. And it wasn't even half. I feel bad about that."

"Well, don't, Bill. It was enough."

"I'm glad. ... When will I see you again, Ann?"

"I don't think we should see each other again, Bill. ... It would only happen again. I know you, and I know me. We got off easy this time; let's not press our luck. ... Your trouble is you don't follow your Boy Scout motto."

"I will next time, Ann."

"There isn't going to be any next time with me, Bill. I'm sorry. It's been fun, but now, goodbye ..."

* * *

"What I'm trying to get across to you, Bill, is how important it is not to let any of these girls get you involved. Sooner, or later, that's what they're gonna try to do, so you just have to keep on your guard. Got it?"

"I got it, Dad."

"And one other thing, maybe it's okay to sow a few wild oats once in a great while, but don't make a habit of it. I mean, a man shouldn't be promiscuous any more than a woman. It drains the energy he needs for other things. Everything in moderation—will you remember that?"

"I'll remember, Dad."

"That's my boy. Well, I can see you're itching to get out, so I won't hold you up any longer. Got a date?"

"Just going to a dance with the fellows, Dad. I'm going stag."

"Well, get along with you then. (Continued on page 72)



JOKER

THE JOKER'S GEMS

acquire call girls for his clients—a normal public relations procedure with most big corporations.

During one of these company-sponsored orgies, Harry met a man he hadn't seen since his college days, a man who had once been a rival for the girl Harry married.

"Am I surprised to see *you* here," the man said. "You, married to such a beautiful girl!"

"Well, things *have* changed a little over the years," Harry said, feeling a bit ruffled.

"But twenty years ago, your wife had a million-dollar figure!" exclaimed the man.

"She still does," said Harry coolly, "Only now when she walks, it's like it's all in loose change."

* * *

At a cocktail party, Ann, who was wearing a tight-fitting black dress, proved to be the most popular girl there—with the men, that is.

Two catty feminine bystanders didn't let this situation pass un-

noticed for long. "She believes in safety in numbers—40-26-37," meowed one.

"Only until she wants to make time with that hour-glass figure," hissed the other.

* * *

Al, who had worked late at the office, decided he would spend the night in town, instead of taking the long train ride to his home in suburbia. He took a hotel room and wasted no time in having a girl included on his room service bill.

The girl proved a dazzler—well worth the hundred dollars she cost Al. In the middle of the night she casually asked Al about himself and his family. Al didn't seem to mind at first.

Then she asked, "Doesn't your wife still appeal to you?"

Irritatedly Al replied, "Sure she appeals to me—to stop drinking, to stop gambling and to stop playing around with girls."

Gertie had been a pretty successful streetwalker the past several years—in fact, so successful that she had saved enough money to take a trip to Europe. During the three weeks prior to sailing time, Gertie made a habit of visiting a nearby swimming pool.

One day, her roommate, Sal, who noticed this asked, "What's the idea of goin' to that pool everyday? Meet some interestin' money bags or somethin'?"

"I gotta get in condition," Gertie replied.

"Whaddya mean, *condition*?" asked Sal. She was truly stunned by her friend's remark.

"Well, a girl like me doesn't have to worry too much if she runs outa dough," replied Gertie. "Yet, I gotta be ready in case I ever should get caught short in Venice."

* * *

In Nome, Alaska, a tourist, seeing his first Eskimo, noticed a mother with a blond, blue-eyed baby slung to her back. "Is your child a full-blooded Eskimo?" he asked.

"Half," replied the native woman.

"Half what? Half Irish? Half Scotch? Half Swedish? The tourist asked.

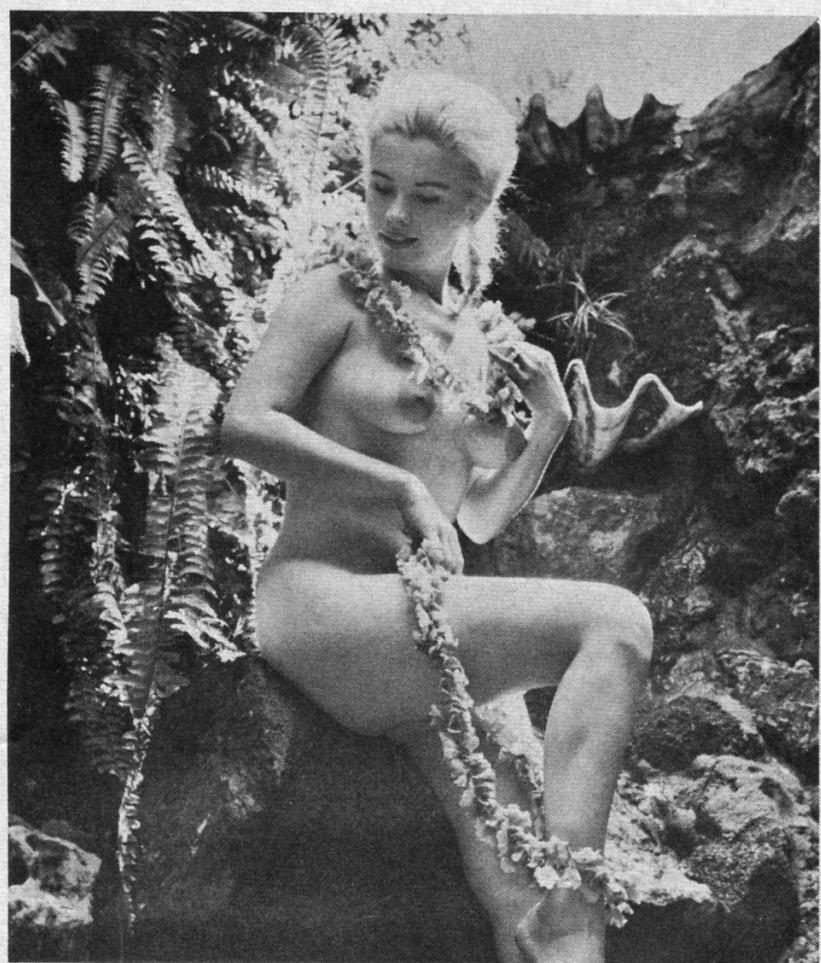
"Half sailor," replied the mother.

* * *

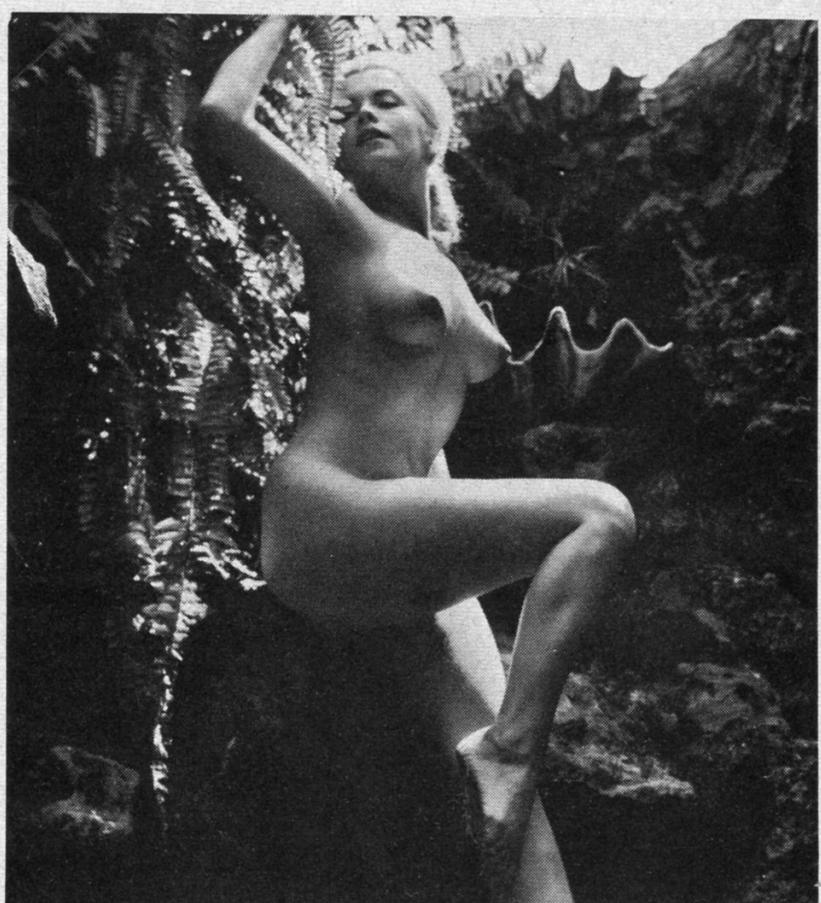
In twenty years, Harry had become a top public relations executive with his company, and in the process encountered numerous opportunities to



Henry David Thoreau, who used to ponder by his pond, had nothing on blondifull Dena Clarke. For a philosopher, she can really make musing amusing as she turns her watery retreat into a . . .



When Thoreau wrote, "She with one breath attunes the spheres and also my poor human heart," he could have described . . .



Dena, who in just one glance can leave a man breathless. Surrounded by ferns and lily pads, Dena treats herself to the . . .

Sleeky Lagoon



thrills of nature. In the process, this platinum-haired beauty proves herself a shining asset in the dark forest primeval.



The poet, William Rose Benet, once wrote as follows: "Like flame, like wine across the still lagoon the colors of the sunset stream . . . so climbs my dream." Taking off from these provocative words, what more effective way could there be to catch a sentiment so warm and transcendental than with a dream girl like Dena, a breathtakingly lovely vision, shown on these pages cavorting about so gaily amidst a dream setting?





THE LAST OF THE HE-MAN SPORTS

BY MAURY DELMAN

As new rifles and shotguns become
virtually invincible, more and more hunters
are turning to the bow and arrow—
and in the process can still enjoy a sport
where animals have a sporting chance.

BOWHUNTING is enjoying a new life. Each year the attraction of felling game with bow and arrow is attracting more hunters. Current estimates tabulate approximately 450,000 bow buffs roaming the countryside in quest of game. This archery trend upwards is spurred by a nucleus of some 2000 archery clubs, two major national archery groups and the American Bow-hunters Assn., Inc.

In recognition of the pressing demands of the "new hunter," many states have introduced special bowhunting laws to accommodate the archery fans. Seasons and weaponry are well defined in the game regulations. In states where populations tend to be congested, the bowhunter is especially welcome. The arrow's limit of range and silence are a welcome contrast to the sharp report of the rifle. Moreover, the variety of game possible with the bow is greater than many hunters realize. A competent archer can pin down a snowshoe rabbit or bring a moose to his hairy knees. A chunky fish like the carp can be impaled by the broad-head of a good bowfisher.

The conversion of rifle hunters to the bow can best be explained by the attractions inherent to the bow's use. Unlike the rifleman, the expert Bowman's success is determined by a complex of abilities more severely tested than when aiming the rifle.

Today's rifle is super-accurate. A careful approach to custom cartridge loading can bring a bullet to inches when predicting its strike at 1000 yards. Advanced optics, incorporated into rifle scopes, permit the tracking of a mountain goat from a distant crag. Highly specialized sighting devices, calibrated in mils, permit fantastic accuracy, compensating for wind and trajectory deviations. From the final details of the gunmaker's

art in bedding a gun precisely, to the extreme care exercised by the optical makers in preparing crosshairs for scopes, every advanced technology is imputed into the rifle. If the rifle marksman can learn breath control, correct sighting, and trigger squeeze, no quadruped should escape him.

On the other hand, the Bowman takes his game with a weapon so primitive that its origin dates back 13,000 years. Except for refinements in wood lamination, finish and broadheads, the equipment of today's archer differs little from the weapons used by such legendary bowmen as William Tell and Robin Hood.

A cursory comparison of the bow to the rifle immediately points up the sharply contrasting talents required when using them to hunt. The bowhunter must command such personal assets as strength, sensory perception, and a keen aptitude in judging spatial relationships. A high degree of muscular control gained from relentless hours of practice is imperative.

The vagaries of wind and light influences his accuracy more seriously than they do the rifle carrying hunter. To pull a 60 lb. bow makes demands on muscles that are not summoned for work routinely. Added to this are other difficulties which oppress the archer. Temperature affects his bow efficiency. A cool bow "loosed" in the early morning will send an arrow differently from one released after the warmth of the mid-day sun. A quiver of arrows not uniformly fletched will give radically different flights for each arrow. Further, the Bowman can't aim his bow with the same mechanical exactitude that is offered by rifle sights. Instead, the Bowman must call upon judgment and feel, seasoned by heavy experience as he draws on his game. When aiming, the bowhunter establishes an imaginary point above or below his target. In addition to this task of using primary vision on a hypothetical spot, he must apply a kind of secondary vision to establish the arrow's aim.

Even after an accurate arrow is loosed, the Bowman's kill may be lost. No arrow can penetrate brush, graze off a tree limb, or fledge through a dense stand of grass and remain true. A bullet of correct weight and velocity can pass through these obstacles and kill instantly. To avoid such interferences, bowmen are obliged to assume postures that would test a contortionist; they crouch, kneel, or sit in uncomfortable positions just to insure a clear shot.

Equally as decisive when weighing the talents of the Bowman and the rifleman is the aspect of the stalk. The litmus test of any hunter is his skills in following an animal without detection. Since a Bowman's range isn't a third the distance enjoyed by the rifleman, it follows that his stalking ability must achieve mastery.

Academically examined, the extent of stalking isn't merely the skill to move over terrain noiselessly. Actually, it calls for a kind of encyclopedic knowledge of the game you're pursuing. The expert stalker can "read" as he travels! He interprets messages from bent twigs, trampled grass or a leaf mutilated by a browsing animal. Animal tracks and leavings clue him as to size, species and speed of travel of his quarry. Chattering animals and excited birds often tip off the hunter that his quarry is nearby. However, only keen perception of sight and hearing, laced with hundreds of hours experience, enable the stalker to utilize such clues.

(Cont. on next page)

In order to bring down a 150-pound doe with a 24-yard shot, a bowhunter must get into position for a perfect aim.



THE LAST OF THE HE-MAN SPORTS

Although every rifleman's bag would be filled more often by employing the stalking skill demanded of the Bowman, he can still bag game with much less talent.

A glance at hunting statistics points this up clearly: Bowmen pursuing deer average less than ten deer per thousand hunters. Riflemen score ten times this ratio.

In addition to a fine knowledge of tracking and woods lore, the Bowman must be an accomplished camouflager. At the close ranges he draws his bow, the slightest sound or movement will send his quarry out of sight before he can nock his arrow. Riflemen strut around in blaze colors without concern for camouflage concealment.

Other than fishing, hunting is the only sport remaining today whose original roots can be traced to economic necessity. Hunting in America today is mainly recreational. Philosophers and sociologists accept the doctrine that the lust to hunt is now inbred. History, in passing, notes numerous attempts to suppress hunting with no avail. In feudal times, the holdings of landowners were barred from public hunting. In defiance of the privileged class, the expert illegal hunter developed. He was an archer and the first poacher! The Greeks and Romans adopted game laws prohibiting the citizenry from hunting. Such statutes were drawn, not in the interest of conservation, but rather to insure that the population was engaged in more useful pursuits. Those smitten with the pleasures of hunting never did comply. The mute transgressions of the bow allowed more hunting than a noisy rifle would have otherwise permitted.

The bow was invented after man learned to bludgeon an animal to death with a club, capture it with a snare or drive it into a ravine and then stone it to death. The bow, the product of an unknown primitive genius, was a formidable weapon to slay big game animals at a distance.

Eventually it was to turn the tide of battles and decide the fates of nations. As a warrior's weapon, it was in use until the discovery of gunpowder late in the 13th century. Although the bow fell into disuse among civilized cultures, it is still an important hunting tool among remaining primitive societies.

During the initial expansion years in the west, many a cavalryman met a premature death chasing after a bow-armed Indian. Kit Carson, famed Indian fighter was among them. Carson in hot pursuit of an escaping Indian, received an arrow loosed while the Indian rode at full gallop from a position underneath his horse. The arrow found its mark through Carson's hat. William Tell or Robin Hood would be hard pressed to duplicate this feat.

A list of game stopped by arrow is impressive. The American Bowman has taken birds, deer, elk, caribou, moose, alligator, turtle, muskrat, fox, squirrel, cougar, and birds. Even the big game grand prize, the brown bear, has fallen before the bow.

The prognosis for the continuing growth of bowhunting is good. The limitations imposed by population expansion, is reducing the amount of acreage safe to hunt by any means. Landowners often resent the harsh report of high powered rifles. Further, the inroads of civilization are dramatically upsetting nature's balance. This in turn, eventually affects wildlife propagation. Since the next decade's hunter will enjoy less opportunity to hunt, he'll have to conduct his recreation on a more sportsmanlike basis.

And herein lies a unique reason for the archer's renaissance. Although the enormous strides in ballistics undoubtedly has been welcome by the trophy seekers, a growing number of outdoorsmen are feeling cheated of the hunt's glory.

Other than the ecological factors which will encourage the rebirth of the Bowman, he is by personality a

special breed. All his hopes lie nestled in a leather quiver holding twelve fletches of silent death.

He arises just as dawn's light evaporates the darkness. Dressing, he dons the special mottled outerwear that helped to conceal the Marines in combat. On his feet he laces tennis shoes or sneakers to carry him through the woods. On the nock hand he'll slip on a set of fingertips for maximum arrow control. The bow arm will be protected by an armguard to ward off the biting lash of the loosed bowstring. Guarding against noise he'll advance in the cover of near darkness taking care to keep his weight off the advancing foot as he walks. The bare earth must be trod with cat's paw silence. Stopping at irregular periods, he'll take the time to observe any signs that animals have been in the vicinity. The clue may be a broken twig, bark chafed on a tree, or a sapling denuded by an animal's grazing. Continuing on he'll listen for a rustle of leaves or try to distinguish a vague shape hidden under a blowdown. The startled cry of a Jaybird or the nervous scramble of a treed squirrel may harbor a signal that his game is close. Once his game is sighted, he must nock his arrow by reaching deftly for his shoulder mounted quiver. The sequence of motions must be as smooth as conditioned training can teach. In those fleeting moments he must equate a dozen factors which ultimately decide his point of aim. If he's lucky and his arrow flies true, he'll taste the same satisfaction accrued to the first man to wed string and bow and achieve a kill.

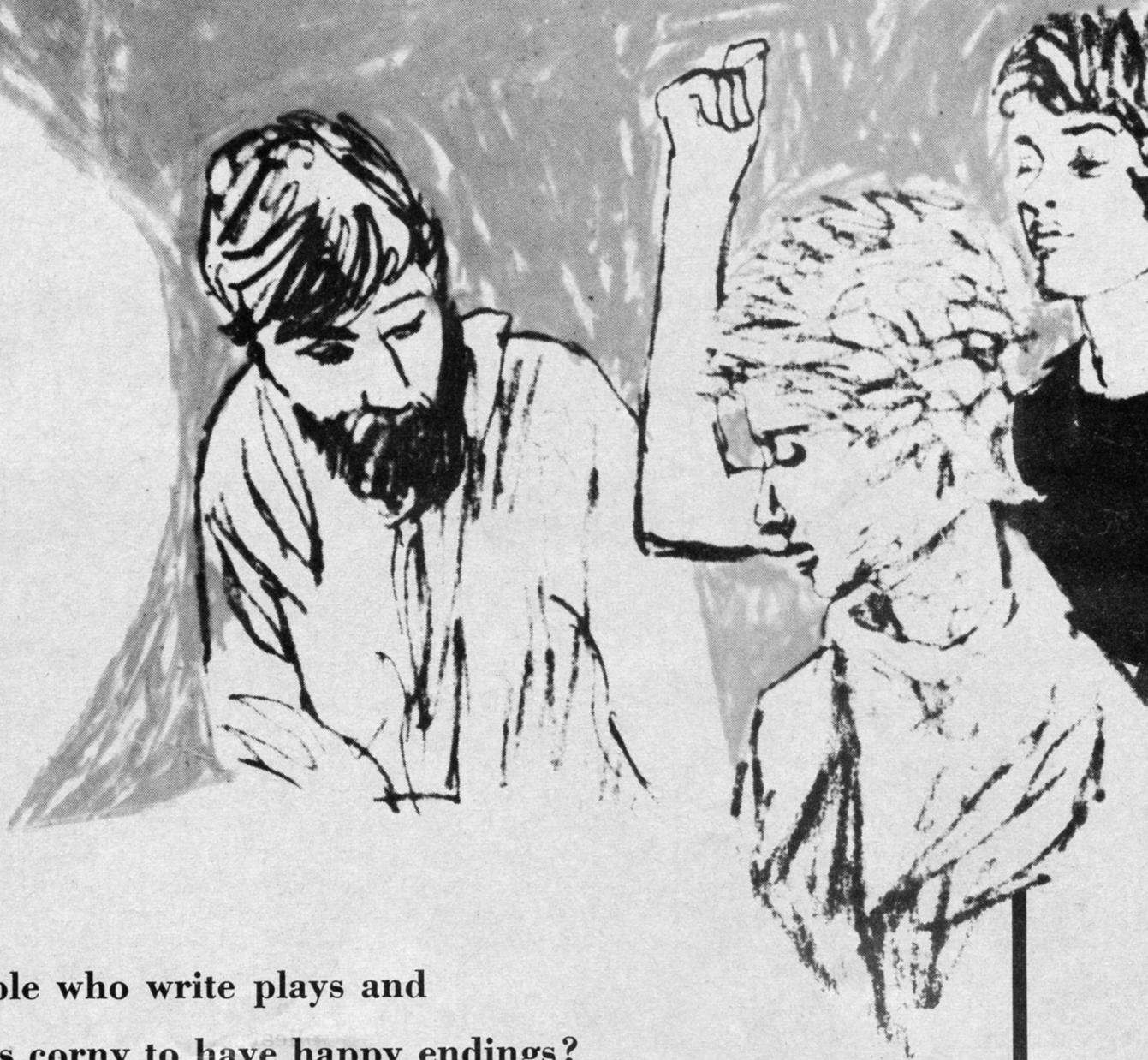
There are many ways to eulogize the sport of the archer. Perhaps the best is summed up by the ode of Maurice Thompson, a distinguished American Bowman:

*So long as the new moon
Returns to the heavens, a bent
silver bow,
So long will archery retain its hold
on the heart of man.*

The Glory of Suffering

SATIRE

BY ANDREW CORRELL



Why is it that the people who write plays and movies now believe it is corny to have happy endings?

As a frequent movie goer and television viewer, I have been struck by the fact that you don't seem to see offerings with happy endings anymore. It all occurred to me the night I saw a drama on *Ben Casey*, in which a sympathetic character died (making it the third week in a row for knocking off a good guy). It occurred to me that in this case, death seemed a bit unnecessary, especially since Dr. Casey had said in the play that the patient might not have had a serious disease at all. Yes, the script writers insisted on giving the sympathetic character a fatal disease, plus some pretty touching lines during the death scene.

In the following day's newspaper, a TV reviewer commented: "It is to the credit of such series as *Ben Casey* that people are permitted to die. After all, in life, people do die."

This is not to make a case for returning to the polyanna conceptions that dominated the silver screen, during the Thirties and the early Forties; rather, it is to raise the question of whether or not film makers are satisfying a superficial craving for "art movies" by a so-called enlightened suburban group of theatre goers. With this new breed of audience, it seems, an unhappy ending, no matter how obviously tacked on it may be, will insure the film's acceptance

as a "higher" form of motion picture creation.

After examining the films that have packed 'em in at the "art" houses, one comes across such offerings as *David and Lisa*, *The Island*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *Electra* and *Shoot the Piano Player*. Many of these films are sensitively and skillfully done; although the abundance of such gloomy and sad presentations—as well as their popularity—recalls a similar phenomenon that took place in Germany, following the First World War, up to the time that Hitler came to power. Suffering, it seems, has become dangerously exalted, and whether this is an omen of some future degeneracy in our society is something for social historians to ponder.

However, the fact that simple-minded television scripts have fallen into this pattern is almost too much to believe.

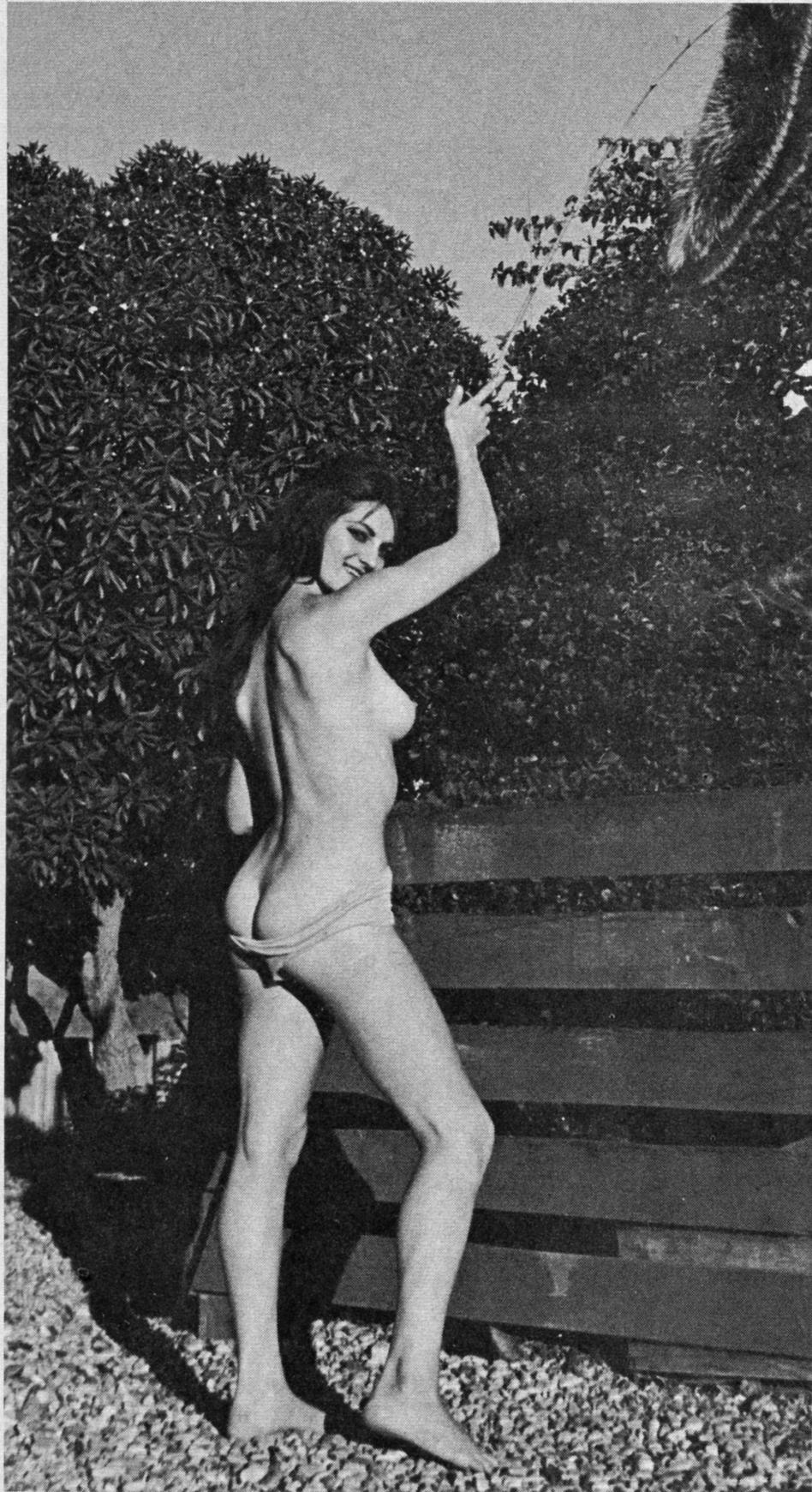
It sends wild thoughts through one's mind. Suppose we have a TV series next season, called *The Connection*—based on Jack Gelber's play and movie of the same title about dope addicts. It could have the flavor of *The Untouchables*, except that each week there would be a different story about an addict who reaches a terrible end. A drug manufacturer could sponsor the show. Fantastic? Maybe, but it would more honestly express what is actually going on today. ●

Taking off from the old song,
Terry Boivert has seen Paree, but
there's no trouble keeping her . . .

Down on the



Fox Farm



Terry's uncle specializes in silver fox, and understandably this happens to be her favorite fur.



A television script girl, Terry can't wait to get down to her uncle's place on weekends and vacations. There's plenty of outdoor acreage in which to cavort, also lots of books to help her pass those quiet hours in the evenings. She may seem cavalier, the way she tosses her stole, but her affection for it is really "heart-pelt."

In some instances you'll find that diamonds are a girl's best friend, but not here. You won't find anything that glitters so nicely as Terry does on her uncle's farm. She's a real jewel.



That Was Showbiz

Few have ever heard of Dora Hand, but she was the Liz Taylor of her day—queen of Dodge City's dance hall girls.

DODGE CITY, famous for producing such television heroes as Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Doc Holliday, enjoyed during its heyday the presence of many theatrical personalities, some of them famous like Eddie Foy, others who were less widely known. The stages from which these entertainers performed usually were to be found in the various dance halls that lent after-dark excitement to this legendary frontier town.

As is still customary in today's night clubs of Las Vegas, no admission was charged to enter Dodge City's dance halls, the revenue from gambling and drinking being more than enough to provide the owners of these establishments with ample income.

However, at this point the similarity between Las Vegas and Dodge City ends. Both communities represent a different era, and in the 1870s, when Dodge City was at its peak, the character of its dance halls and the people who worked in them bore not the slightest resemblance to what exists today.

"A woman, no matter whether she was a housewife, a dance hall girl or a courtesan (and mind you, the last two were not necessarily the same) was treated with grave courtesy on the street," recalled Eddie Foy in his autobiography, *Clowning Through Life*. "Any man who failed to observe this canon got into trouble."

In those days, however, the men

got into enough trouble with each other, without having to court more of it with a woman. Besides, in Dodge City, the weaker sex was regarded with enthusiastic affection, and any man with the money to spare was sure to find a female whose favors he might enjoy.

The dance hall girls were placed in high esteem. Some of them doubled as prostitutes or B-girls; others made it on their stage talents alone. One of the latter was Dora Hand, also known as Fannie Keenan.

Though no prostitute, Dora was not unwilling to give herself to a man she loved, and shortly after she arrived in Dodge, she became the mistress of the town's mayor, James H. (Dog) Kelley.

Rumor had it that she formerly was an opera singer; whether this is true or not, she did pack 'em in to the place where she worked which was owned by Kelley. She was that good-looking.

Dora had other qualities that endeared her to the populace of Dodge City. She was generous and a sympathetic listener. On many occasions—if a young newcomer happened to lose all his money at the gambling table, or if he happened to have gotten rolled—Dora would give him money to get out of town.

Most important of the virtues that made her a favorite with the men of Dodge City was her beauty. "Few women, even in such comparatively well-off metropolitan

centers, like Boston and New York, had such a radiant complexion," recalled one historian. "Her figure was of magnificent proportions, with swelling breasts, narrow waist and plush hips."

"When Dora came on the stage, you could almost hear a pin drop," reminisced another visitor to Dodge City. "The dice tables would go silent, and the card playing would stop. It obviously must have cost 'Dog' Kelley a little, not having the gambling business going on, but he didn't care. He was plainly proud, having Dora up there on the stage.

"She had a way of moving around up there that made you forget that perhaps her voice wasn't the best; she had a way of putting songs over, sad songs that could make even the most murderous gunman burst into tears. But best of all was the way she used her eyes; she could look down at you and make you feel as if you were listening to an angel."

Unfortunately, Dora's reign as queen of Dodge City's dance hall girls was short-lived. After renting with another girl the shack of her lover, she was shot to death while she slept by an enemy of Kelley. The killer hadn't realized that Kelley no longer lived there. The gunman was subsequently wounded and arrested by Earp and Masterson. When he learned that his victim was Dora and not Kelley, he told Masterson: "You should have aimed better." —Raoul Henry

The Greatest Trick

I BLAME the whole thing on Crispin. If he hadn't shown me that blasted new trick of his, none of the rest of it would have taken place.

Crispin, you must understand, is a coin trick buff. His biggest pleasure in life is to make quarters, dimes and fifty cent pieces disappear and reappear, again, in unlikely places—thus mystifying his friends and being the life of the party in general.

Now, I've known a number of magic buffs in my time, and there is one thing that the breed has in common: An inability to recognize a snub. When one of them wants to show off his latest feat of prestidigitation, you might as well tell him to go ahead because, somehow or other, he will manage to do it, anyway.

Which is why I said, "yes," when Crispin came up to me during a coffee break at the office where we both worked and offered to perform the greatest trick I'd ever seen.

I looked hard at the coin he handed me. It was heavy and appeared to be solid gold. The symbols on its face were ones I had never seen before. "What is it?" I asked.

Crispin shrugged. "I'm not sure... But there's nothing phony about it. I mean, it's not made to come apart or anything like that. Examine it for yourself."

When I was finished, he stepped away from me and placed his hands in his pockets with an ostentatious gesture. "Now make a fist over the coin," he said. "Tighten it as hard as you can..."

I did.

"Ready? O.K. Now open your hand up."

It was empty! "Where...?"

"Try your breast pocket," he said.

I pulled the coin out gingerly. Remember, he hadn't been near me during all this time. "All right," I admitted. "That was the best trick I've ever seen. Now, how the hell did you do it?"

Crispin grinned. "It's a tough one, isn't it? As a matter of fact, it's so tough that I don't know how it's done, myself."

I'd had that gag thrown at me before, but it never failed to make me sore. I mean, if a man doesn't want to give away a secret, that's his business. Especially

BY MORTON J. GOLDING

when we are talking about a stunt that even professional magicians would give their right arms to own. But he doesn't have to play games about it.

I said something of the sort to Crispin.

"All right," he shrugged. "I know the line's been overdone. But whether you want to believe me or not, this time it happens to be true."

"Come off it, buddy."

"No. I swear it. Listen—I have to tell some one about this or I'll go nuts—you know how I'm always on the lookout for new magic stores?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, I found this little place just the other day. It had the usual stuff in the windows, but there was one sign that intrigued me: 'THE HOUSE OF IMPOSSIBLE FEATS,' it said."

"So you went in?"

"What else? I found this queer old bird with white hair and pale blue eyes standing behind the counter, so I asked him what the sign meant.

"Just what it says," he told me.

"But what sort of feats?" I asked.

"Anything. Tell me the kind of trick you wish to perform and I'll help you do it."

Crispin shrugged. "I certainly couldn't resist that offer, so I described that trick I just showed you. I made it up, of course. As far as I knew it was completely impossible."

"And...?"

"And he handed me this coin and told me to think of the word, 'tomato,' whenever I wanted to perform it. I didn't believe him, of course, but I tried it out and the damned thing worked. So I bought the coin and here I am."

I turned away. "It's a good story," I said.

"It's true," Crispin insisted. "Look, I'll tell you what: I'll give you the name of the place and you go there and see for yourself."

"But I don't want to buy a coin trick."

"Who said anything about coin tricks? There are lots of other things. I wonder..." He stopped, musing. "No. That's too impossible."

"What is?"

(Cont. on p. 50)

Ordinarily, a man will use any kind of magic to make it as a charmer of women. Yet,

sometimes the magic can get out of hand, with the charmed lasses anything but charming.

FICTION



THE GREATEST TRICK

"Well, I was just wondering if he could make a man irresistible to women."

"Irresistible?"

"Why not? He said he could do anything, didn't he?"

"That's what you told me," I said, softly. I was beginning to get intrigued despite myself. But then I had a sudden rush of suspicion. "Why don't you ask him to make you irresistible?" I asked.

Crispin gave an all-American-boy style chuckle. "You forget, I just got married six months ago. But a happy bachelor like you..."

He didn't need to finish the sentence. I was a bachelor all right, but I'd be a whole lot happier one if every time I wanted, it happened! I half closed my eyes and started to visualize the young ladies that I would not mind being irresistible to.

"Of course, you'll have to be careful," Crispin said. "You won't want every female from ages one to one hundred falling all over you."

I blinked. I hadn't thought of that.

Crispin had, however. Indeed, he seemed to have done a lot of thinking about this situation. Together, we worked out the details—what Crispin called the safeguards. The old man would give a word to think whenever I wanted a woman to fall for me. Nothing would happen until I looked at the girl and deliberately thought of the word.

I was still suspicious, naturally. I half expected that when I got to the shop I'd learn that the whole thing was some kind of elaborate practical joke. But, even so, I went.

The store was just where Crispin said it would be. And the hand-lettered sign was in the window.

When I told the old man what I wanted he gave me an odd sort of look. "It's a simple enough matter to arrange," he said. "But I'm not certain it would be quite wise..."

I grinned sarcastically. "I knew Crispin was talking through his hat."

"I will help you if you insist. But, believe me, you'll wish I hadn't."

I kept the same expression on my face. The old man shrugged and

named his fee which, feeling like a sucker, I paid.

"The word for you is 'rail.' Look at a woman and think 'rail' to yourself. Her one desire, then, will be to make love to you."

"And if it doesn't work?"

"Come back and I'll return your money. There's only one catch."

"What's that?"

"Once you have the word, it's yours. I can't take it away. It will wear itself out in two or three years, but if you change your mind before that, it will be just too bad."

"If it works I won't change my mind," I said confidently.

There were at least two little secretaries at the office that I wanted to try the routine on. One was called Penny and the other Sal. They were both 22 years old and well-stacked. There wasn't a man in the office who hadn't gone after one or the other—with absolutely no success.

The main reason for this was that they formed a kind of mutual protective association. They were roommates and one would never allow herself to be separated from the other. We called them the Bobbsie Twins.

Well, I had clear designs on one or the other of the Bobbsie Twins. But shortly after I left the magic store I decided to put off that project for a while.

The cause of this decision was that I noticed a dream strolling down the street. She was about five four, with honey blonde hair and a way of moving that would have been outlawed in a more Puritan society.

I stared at her. "Rail," I thought to myself. "Rail and double rail!"

She slowed down, stopped, and with an odd and almost reluctant expression on her face stared back at me. "Don't I know you from someplace?" she asked, puzzled.

"I'm sure you do," I said. "Let's go up to my place and talk about old times in Vienna or wherever it was."

"That's just what I had in mind," she said.

I don't suppose there is a man living who hasn't wanted a dream at

one time or another. But how many have had a dream want *them*? This is an experience like nothing else on Earth!

I took my particular vision up to my flat where we sipped Scotch on the rocks and had a steak which I bought on the way. "Lord, you're lovely," I said after a while.

"You talk too much," she murmured, undoing her blouse.

I stared, goggle-eyed, at her fantastic figure. Then, she moved towards me...

All in all, it was quite a night.

When I went to work the next morning I was flushed with success. I had hold of a secret which any man in his right mind would have given a fortune for. And it was all mine.

I gave Crispin a rundown on what had happened and decided to wait until just before the office closed to take on one of the Bobbsie twins.

It was after five when I asked Penny to go out with me that night.

"Well, I don't know," she hesitated. "I'm not sure what Sally is..."

"Rail," I thought, looking at her hard.

"But what do I care about what Sally is doing?" she went on. "Why shouldn't I have a life of my own? Just make sure we go someplace where we can be alone," she said, dreamily.

Some instinct must have told Sally that she'd better rush up and save her friend. She arrived just in time to hear the last part of what Penny was saying. Shock was written over her face. "Do you think that's wise?" she began, as Penny gave her a contemptuous look.

I couldn't help but smile. If she only knew about "rail," I thought.

At that instant, Sal's face turned suddenly seductive. "Don't you think you'd rather take me," she said.

My jaw dropped and then I felt my stomach flip over. It was the word! I was looking at her when I thought about it. Apparently it wasn't how I thought about it, but the thinking itself that mattered.

In the meantime, Penny was smiling thinly at (Cont. on p. 72)



"That's the Senator's answer to the President's youth fitness program."

She's Pretty

Ever since Mona Lisa and the Duchess of

Alba, men have been stimulated into wishing

the girl in the picture would come to

life. Here, Rusty Taylor takes up the cue,

helping an art lover's dream to come

true. Yet, the hang-up of it all is that it's

really a photographer's trick that ends

when Rusty can no longer remain "hung-up."

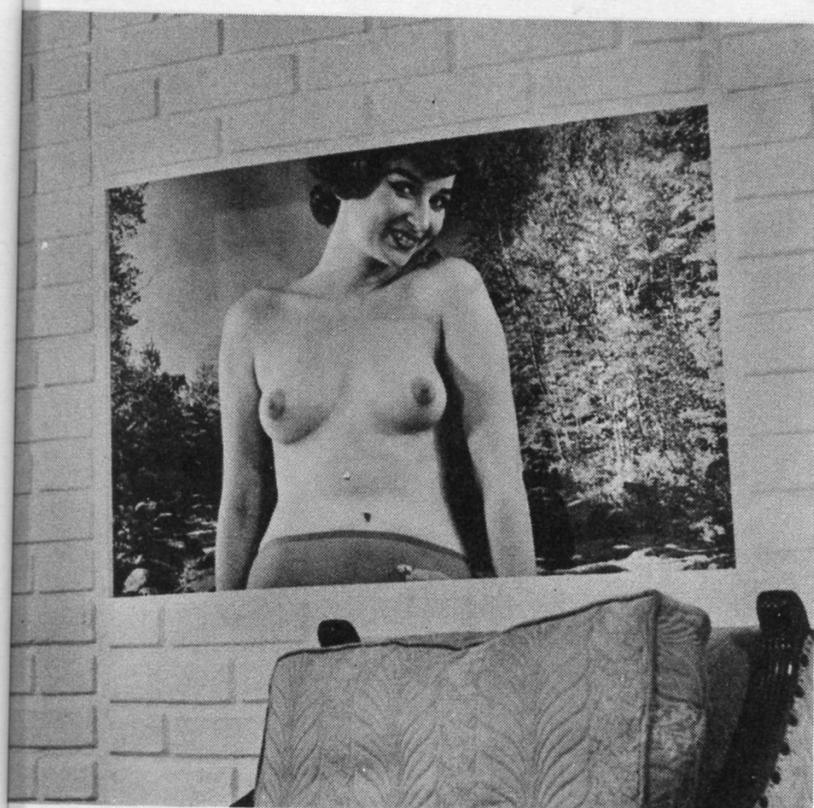
There's nothing like a good landscape to brighten up the wall of a man's den. Yet, Rusty's appearance proves there's nothing like a beautiful girl to improve the scenery.

Some say the best portraits were done by the old masters like Rembrandt and Da Vinci.

Yet, here's a work that's Taylor-made. You'll have to admit—it is hard to beat.



as a Picture, But...



When all is said and done, it was a pretty neat trick, wasn't it? It would be fun to see Rusty emerge again from another type of picture. It's a cinch she could demonstrate there's still life in a still life.

No matter what the sport

—in America, everyone loves

the successful athlete.

And nowhere are the love

words more passionate

than on a television show,

especially scheduled to...

SATIRE BY HARRY GREGORY



HAIL THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of the television audience, it's with genuine pleasure that I present to you a real champion, George 'Flip' Fenstermacher . . . Flip, it's good of you to come here and talk to us tonight. It's a privilege to have a champ like you on my show."

"Thank you, Artie. It's nice of you to say so."

"Yessir, a privilege."

"The privilege is all mine, Artie."

"Yes . . . Well, Flip, I think our viewers would like to know how a fellow like you gets to be an all-around champ. What's the secret?"

"Gosh, Artie, I'm not really an all-around champ. Actually, I'm only champ at—"

"Heh-heh-heh. We all know what that is, Artie! Still, it's been my ex-

perience that when a man is tops at one sport, he's pretty good at all sports. Wouldn't you say so, Flip?"

"Well, not my case, Artie. You see—"

"I see. Well, Flip, what was the first sport you ever played—as a boy, I mean."

"King-of-the-hill."

"King-of-the-hill?"

"Yes, Artie. You know, that's the game where one boy gets on top of a hill—a pile of rocks, or a garbage heap, or a sand-mound, or something like that—and yells that he's King-of-the-hill—and all the other boys try to knock him off."

"I see. Well, Flip, I never played that game, but I'll bet you were a real champion at it."

"No, Artie. You see, I never man-

aged to get to the top of the hill. Some other kid always seemed to have his foot on my neck. As a matter of fact, I was the worst King-of-the-hill player in the neighborhood."

"Yes, Flip, but with your indomitable spirit, courage and stick-to-itiveness, you kept trying. That's what's important; as long as you didn't give up."

"But I did give up, Artie."

"You did?"

"Yes. You see, my neck was getting so sore from being stepped on—"

"And that was your first sporting injury, incurred in the heat of play, forcing you to sit it out on the sidelines while in your heart you were up there on that hill with the rest of the boys, fighting to be king. I

hope the kids watching us realize just what an inspiring story that is, Flip. I hope it will be an inspiration to them all . . . Now, what other sports did you play as a kid? Baseball, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I played a little baseball."

"I'll just bet you did, champ. What did the other kids call you? Slugger? Lefty? Speedy?"

"As a matter of fact, they called me 'Fanner.' 'Fanner Fenstermacher'; that's what they called me."

"Fanner'?"

"Yes, you see, Artie, I couldn't hit the ball."

"Oh . . . Well, Flip, most pitchers are poor hitters."

"I played left field."

"I see . . . But you enjoyed the game, and that's what counts, not whether you were good at it, or not."

"I hated it."

"You did? Then why did you play it?"

"My mother was a Bloomer Girl."

"A Bloomer Girl?"

CONQUERING HERO

"Yes. You see, there was this softball team formed by the ladies of the PTA and they called themselves the Bloomer Girls. They were the county champs. Mom played shortstop. She batted .410."

"Aha! So you come by your athletic ability naturally, Flip. Passed down, as it were, from father to son."

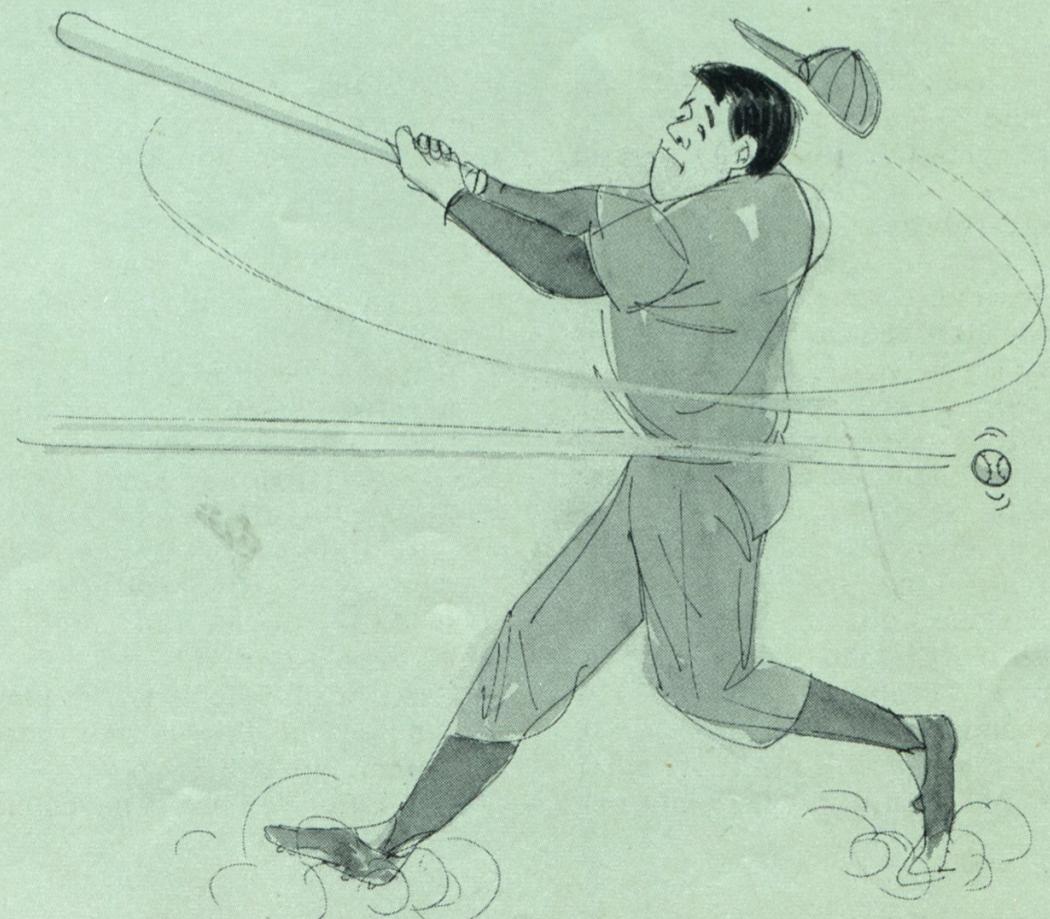
"It was my mother who played baseball, not Dad."

"What did your father play?"

"The ponies."

"I see. So sporting blood, the strain of the natural winner, has come down to you from both sides of the family."

"Dad never picked a winner in his life. When he died, three bookies went out of (Cont. on next page)



HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

business. It was quite some blow."

"That's very sad. But your mother, game sportswoman that she was, took hold of things, worked to support you, yet still found the time to help you develop your superb athletic ability."

"She never worked a day in her life. We lived off Dad's insurance. And she only played ball with me once."

"And what a game that must have been! Tell us about it, Flip."

"She was out in the back yard practicing her batting and she got tired of tapping 'em, so she asked me to pitch to her. I threw one ball, she slammed a line drive and I stopped it right in the chest."

"So you caught the ball that put your own mother out! That's quite a story, Flip."

"I didn't catch it; I dropped it."

"Oh . . ."

"It busted three ribs."

"I see."

"I began to cry."

"Well, every boy cries at least once. So that grand old lady took you to her bosom and comforted you . . ."

"No. She threw the bat at me and called me a sissy and said I was forever crying, which I was."

"A memorable experience . . ."

"It was traumatic, Artie . . . She'd never play ball with me again."

"So, still determined to prove your physical capabilities, you turned to another sport. What was it, Flip? Basketball?"

"Much later, Artie. After I was in high school."

"I see. So, as star of your school varsity team—"

"I never made the varsity, Artie."

"As leader of your freshman five —"

"I never made the freshman team either."

"Umm. Just where did you play basketball, Flip?"

"In my gym class. They made us play every day; it was a rule of the school."

"You know, ladies and gentlemen, looking at Flip Fenstermacher as he stands here, I can just picture him

dribbling down the court, feinting a pass, shooting for the basket, racing to the other end of the court, picking one off the backboard, dribbling down-court again . . ."

"It wasn't quite like that, Artie. In the first place, I could never manage to learn to dribble. I used to get more splinters in my hand trying. Heh-heh."

"Heh-heh."

"And the one time I reached back to feint a pass, I dropped it right in the lap of one of the players on the other team."

"In his lap?"

"Yes. You see, whenever I had the ball they'd all sit down and rest while I took shots at the basket. I was near-sighted, and I could never sink it. Except once I did."

"I'm sure our viewers want to hear about that thrilling moment in your sports career, Flip. Tell us."

"One of the fellows on my team got hit on the head and he must have been dazed, 'cause he threw me the ball. It was the first time it ever happened, and I knew I was in a really dangerous spot. You see, in basketball, when a guy has the ball, everybody tries to take it away from him and you can really get hurt. I knew my only chance was to get rid of that ball fast, before they came at me, so I did the only thing I could do. I threw it away. The trouble was, I wasn't watching where I was throwing and it landed in the basket."

"And so you scored your first points in basketball . . ."

"Yeah, for the other side. I threw it in our basket."

"Another memorable moment in the sports career of Flip Fenstermacher, ladies and gentlemen, and one I'm sure he'll never forget."

"You can say that again, Artie. The fellows on my team were so mad they beat me up so bad I was excused from gym class."

"And so your basketball days came to an end. But not your athletic career. Tell us more about that, Flip. Were you a four-letter man in college?"

"Yeah, and they were all Ds."

"Ohh, you're a sketch, Flip. I tell you, it's rare to find a champion with a sense of humor as well-developed as yours."

"Thanks, Artie."

"But seriously, Flip, did you play any football in college? Let me explain why I ask specifically about football, ladies and gentlemen. In Flip Fenstermacher's last championship match, the one in which he bested the Russian champion and brought the world's championship cup back to this citadel of democracy where it belongs, I noticed a great similarity between the strategy of his play and the strategy employed by top quarterbacks on the gridiron. Am I correct in thinking you may have played quarterback at one time, Flip?"

"That's right."

"Tell us about it, Flip."

"There's not much to tell; it's like being the second dog on an Alaskan dogsled team."

"I beg pardon?"

"The scenery's always the same."

"I don't think I—"

"The quarterback squats right in back of the player that's hipe-ing the ball. Huddle after huddle, all you ever get to see is that same rear end!"

"Flip, this is a family show!"

"Sorry."

"Uh, just what college did you play football for, Flip?"

"I didn't play for the college."

"For your class?"

"No."

"For your fraternity?"

"No . . . But you're getting close."

"I guess you'll have to explain, Flip."

"It's simple, Artie. I played for a sorority."

"Oh?"

"There were only ten girls in this sorority, so they asked me to fill out the team."

"In other words, you began your football career as—"

"A ringer. That's right, Artie."

"Yes, well—Is there any one gridiron incident that (Cont. on p. 74)

for the record

Glamor queens turn platter spinners with selections that groove most with them—and in the process create a groovy scene, enough to make any man's head spin.



With Diane Littler (top) nobody makes a bigger impression than Frank Sinatra. Mariane Wells (left) goes for a whole variety of performers, both old and new.

See next page

Ellen Lowe likes to spend her leisure hours listening to dreamy mood music, and as she does so, she creates a dreamy mood scene of her own.



Jean Coleman makes a classic study of glamor while she sits, enjoying the classical selections of her favorites Beethoven, Bach, Brahms.



In German *schoen* means beautiful. Ella Schoen lives up to her name as she plays beer garden *lieder*.



Jeanette Lee, on the other hand, likes the nostalgic tunes imported from the cabarets of Paree.



The bagpipes and drums that stirred her ancestors also prove thrilling to Jamie McLaren. This Scotch broth of a lass is high on any kind of music from the Scottish Highlands.

THE MAN OF FINANCIAL AFFAIRS

(Continued from page 17)

Archie found the thought a trifle depressing as he re-crossed the Via Veneto back into the more exclusive section of Rome. He banished it from his mind as he entered the posh hotel cocktail lounge where he was to meet Rosalind for cocktails.

He was early and ordered a Martini. He was just down to the olive when Rosalind came breezing through the door, chic, blonde, fashionably windblown, the picture of what an American heiress should look like when trying to live up to the picture of what an American heiress should look like. Only in Rosalind's case it wasn't conscious effort; it was a natural part of her personality; she was, contradictorily perhaps, to the *neuveau riche* man or born.

"Darling!" Firm, sweatered breasts indented his sports jacket and cool, wealthy American lips tingled against his. Tight, tailored skirt hiked up over tanned slender legs as she took the bar-stool beside him and tourist heads swiveled to take in the trimness of them. Small, even, well-cared-for white teeth flashed in a smile and her sweatered arm fell over Archie's shoulder possessively.

"Woman, you have the fresh, minty aura of Fort Knox," Archie greeted her.

"And I feel as crisp as a new greenback," she laughed.

"Vulgar American show-off, flaunting your country's prosperity," he told her.

"Our vulgar prosperity is what makes us so loveable."

"How right you are," Archie murmured.

"You admit it. It isn't me you really care about; it's only my money." She flung her hand to her forehead in an exaggeratedly tragic pose. "Woe is me; poor little rich girl to be loved for her lucre and not for her own sweet self."

"I can't deny it and I'm a boun-der," Archie admitted, being absolutely truthful and knowing he wouldn't be believed.

"Have you no conscience?"

"None at all. Take it from the rich girl, I always say."

"And give it to the poor girl?"

Archie almost choked on his drink. "And keep it for yourself," he said, covering quickly.

"How do you like my engagement ring, you boun-der?" She shook a diamond-weighted finger in his face.

"Did I give that to you?"

"No, I gave that to me—but let's keep it our secret."

Well, that's all right. After all, I am giving *me* to you. Greater love hath no man...!"

"Greater conceit hath no man! Which reminds me, isn't about time we set a wedding date?"

"Now, now," Archie told her. "Let's not be frothing at the bridal bit."

"Why wait? After all, honor demands that you make an honest woman of me."

"It's more fun this way."

"My Daddy wouldn't think so."

"I wasn't exactly thinking of asking him to join us."

"That reminds me, Daddy's expecting you for dinner tonight. I'm not invited; just the two of you."

"Cozy. Anyway, I know. His secretary set the date with me. What's it all about?"

"Like me, I suppose he wants to know when you're gonna do right by his little Nell."

"I thought I'd been doing pretty well."

"And so you have, darling. No complaints." She wriggled a little on the bar stool, reminding Archie momentarily of Simone. "Which makes me want to mention the fact that I've rented a suite of rooms here for the afternoon, so why don't we...?"

"Why indeed?" Archie followed her from the cocktail lounge to the elevator.

A couple of hours later they stepped forth from the elevator into the lobby once again. "Here, darling," Rosalind said. "I can't have you walking around without a sou." She pressed a banknote into his hand.

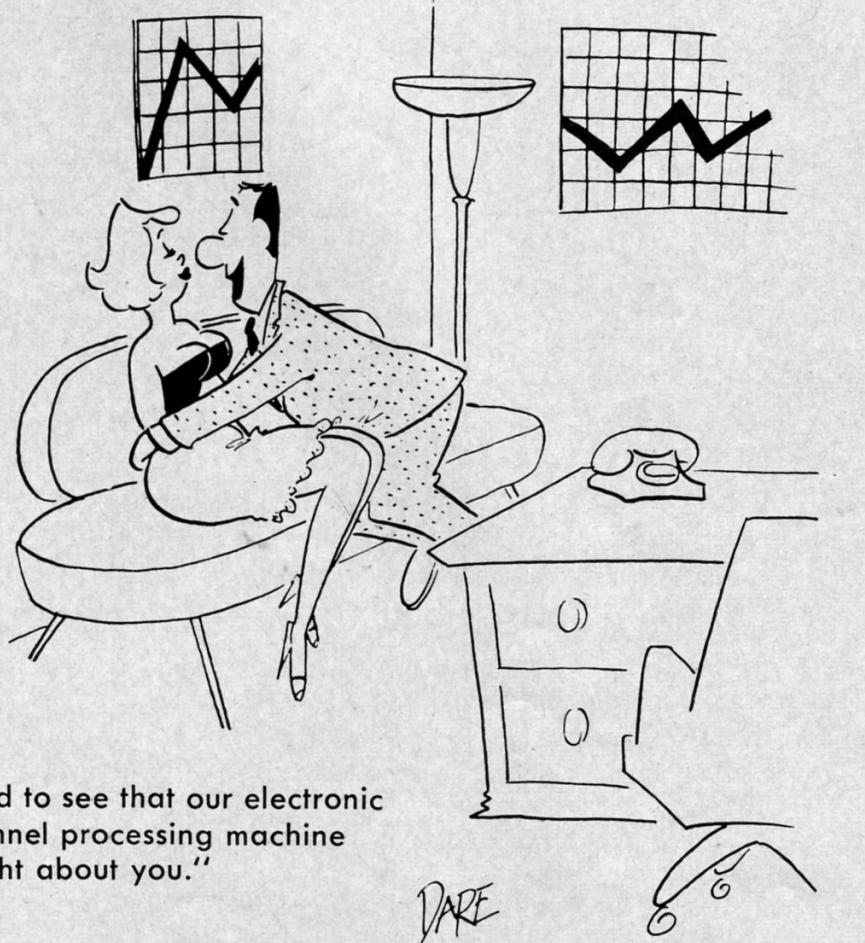
"Hmm? Oh, thanks." Absent-mindedly, Archie stuck it into his pocket.

"Why so blank, sweetheart? What ever are you thinking about?"

"Our . . . interlude," Archie answered truthfully.

"Oh. Yes, it was positively yummy, wasn't it? Well, I have to run now. Enjoy yourself with Daddy tonight." And she was gone.

Archie was still thinking about their "interlude" as he wandered aimlessly through the Roman streets, killing time until his dinner date with Rosalind's father. As "interludes" went, he'd had worse—but he'd also had better; notably Simone. The trouble was that Rosalind went at sex in the same way she went at such other things as tennis, driving a sports car, organizing a party. She played her tennis to win, drove to establish the superiority of her car and her driving over that of other cars and drivers on the road, threw parties to outdo other parties thrown by other people. But in sex, this, it struck Archie, was self-defeating. It was like when he danced with Rosalind; it was always a strain to keep her from leading. With Simone he could really lose himself in the sex act itself, but with Rosalind he always had this feeling of being engaged in a contest. It struck Archie as typically American, having its points of interest, certainly not without its peculiar enjoyments, but he wondered how he'd like it over the long haul of marriage. For the first time the thought struck him that by marrying Rosalind he might well be earning his money.



He would have liked to force himself to pursue the idea, but his reverie was disturbed by an abrupt hand on his shoulder and a firmly English "Hello, Archie."

He turned to find himself facing Fred Whitney, Simone's husband. "Hi, Fred. Good to see you."

They shook hands.

"Buy me a drink," Fred said brashly, indicating a little outdoor cafe across the street.

"Sure," Archie said, following him to a table.

When they were seated with their drinks in front of them, Fred fixed Archie with a level gaze and held it for a long moment. When he spoke his voice was meticulously over-civilized. "Archie," he said carefully, "just what is going on between you and my wife?"

"Beg pardon, Fred?"

"I said, just what is going on between you and Simone?"

"I don't think I understand the question."

"Come off it, old bean; we're not doing a panel show for the BBC. You know very well what I mean. My wife was seen leaving your hotel in the early ayem yesterday."

"Fred, I think you're the victim of idle gossip. Probably some half-crooked friend saw a girl who looked like Simone coming out of my hotel and couldn't wait to tell you to stir up some trouble."

"It happens that I was the one who saw Simone and I was cold sober at the time. You're right about one thing, though, I might very well stir up some trouble. I just might stir up one helluva lot of trouble, Archie."

Archie looked at the large, hairy, clenched fist Fred lay gently before him on the table and shuddered. In his multi-faceted career Fred had been a stevedore, a semi-professional boxer and a Judo instructor in the army. He had more muscles in his pinky than Archie had in his whole body and he seemed on the verge, in his quiet way, of flexing them.

But when he spoke, Archie's voice was carefully light and controlled. "I think you're doing Simone an injury with such suspicions, Fred," he said. "And even if they were justified, you should remember that there are an awful lot of men living in that hotel besides me. We have no quarrel; if anything you should discuss this with Simone."

"I intend too, old boy. And I must admit you've put your finger on my one doubt. However, it's fortunate for you that it exists. If it didn't . . ." Fred's eyes skewered him coldly. "So, I apologize for the embarrassment if I'm wrong. But if I ever find out that the apology is unjustified," he added cheerfully, "I'll kill you."

"I had no idea you loved Simone

so much," said Archie with a trace of irony.

"Love her? I loathe the bitch!"

"Then why the jealous husband scene?"

"I can't afford to lose her; she's my meal ticket."

"I see," said Archie, paying for the drinks. *Economics, always economics*, he was thinking to himself as he gravely shook hands goodbye with Fred and strolled towards his dinner date with Rosalind's father. *At any rate, that wrote finis to the affair with Simone. Just as well, probably, considering that he was engaged to Rosalind. Economics — he might as well marry Rosalind. Financially speaking, it was the right step.*

However, Rosalind's father had other ideas. He wasn't at all shy about voicing them, either. He began with the soup course.

"So you and Rosalind want to tie the knot, eh?" he said gruffly.

"If you mean we want to get married, yes; that seems to be the idea."

"Why?"

Archie paused for only the fraction of an instant. "Because we're in love."

"Well, she's in love with you; that's for sure. But are you really in love with her?" His voice was skeptical.

"Would I want to marry her if I weren't?"

"Don't be impudent with me, young feller. When I ask a question, I expect an answer."

"I find the way you asked that question insulting to Rosalind. And I find this whole cross-examination insulting to me."

"Well, that's just too bad. Ain't you the sensitive one, though. Sit down!" He roared the words as Archie threw his napkin on the table and started to his feet. "I'm Rosalind's father," he continued in quieter tones, "and she's my only child. It's only natural I'm concerned about who she marries. It ain't hurting you to respect that concern."

"I suppose not—as long as you're civil."

"I came up the hard way, sonny. And I didn't get where I am today by being civil."

"We're talking about your daughter, not cornering the market in hogs."

"You don't think much of the meat-packing business, hey?"

"The little I know about it's enough to make me seriously consider becoming a vegetarian."

"Next thing you'll be telling me you're an atheist!" Rosalind's father's face was purple.

"I am."

"Pfagh!" He took a deep breath and controlled himself. "If you ask me, you want to marry Rosalind for her money."

"Of course. . . . Partly, anyway."

"You admit it?" The old man was incredulous.

"Naturally. Why should I deny it?"

"Why should you deny it?" He shook his head as though ducking a swarm of bees. "Don't you even have the common decency . . . the moral fibre . . ." The words gave way to a frustrated sputtering.

"There are many attractive things about Rosalind; money is one of them, that's all."

"That's all!"

"I don't see why you should be so shocked. I've done as much to earn the money as Rosalind has, certainly. I've as much right to it as she has. And as far as you're concerned, I venture to say the ethics by which you obtained your fortune won't bear too close scrutiny."

"That's certainly none of your business! . . . In any case, you admit that you're marrying my daughter for her money, right?"

"In essence, yes."

"Suppose I cut her off without a cent, would you still marry her?"

Archie thought a moment. "I'm not sure."

"You're not sure! If that doesn't make you a common fortune-hunter, I don't know what does."

"I resent the word 'common.' I told you Rosalind's money is part of her attraction. I've told her the same thing. I'm not hiding anything."

"All right, young man, let's get

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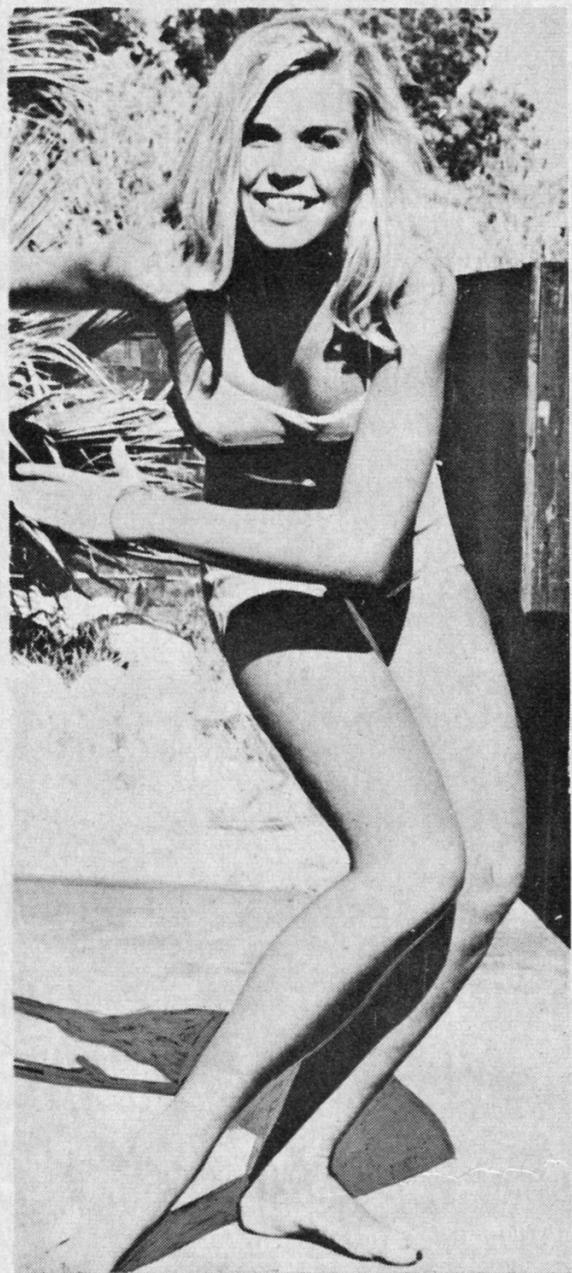
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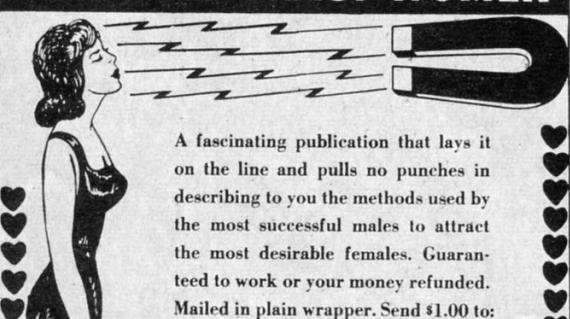
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down to cases. If you marry Rosalind, I will cut her off without a cent."

"How medieval can you get?"

"On the other hand, for your promise, in writing—I've got the statement already prepared—never to see her again, I'll give you \$5,000 in cash right now. What do you say?"

Archie thought a moment. He remembered his misgivings about Rosalind's lovemaking. He tried to picture living in poverty with her and realized that the very qualities about her which drew him would be changed by lack of money. He sighed. "I'll take the \$5,000," he said quietly.

On the other side of Rome, at approximately the same moment, Fred was following Archie's advice and putting the question of his wife's infidelity to Simone herself.

"Oui!" she answered brazenly, "I've been 'aveeng an affair weeth Archie! What are you going to do about eet?"

"If he ever comes near you again, I'll kill him."

"Then tell heem that."

"I already have," Fred said grimly. "And I think it sunk in. You'll never see him again."

"Oh, eesn't zat brilliant," Simone said sarcastically. "And I suppose you're ready to turn over a new leaf and go to work to support us now?"

"What's that supposed to mean? What do my work habits have to do with Archie?"

"Work habeets? That's a laugh! But I'll tell you what eet has to do weeth Archie. He's been helping support you, zat's what. He's been milking some rich American girl for money and giving some of eet to me to help you feed the roulette wheels..."

The 'rich American girl' Simone referred to arrived home a short time after Archie had left. She was greeted by her father with news of the agreement reached between him and Archie and the assurance that her engagement was irrevocably ended.

"You're my little girl, Rosalind," her father told her smugly, "and I just acted in your best interests the way I always have—and always will."

"Daddykins," Rosalind said sweetly, "you goofed."

"What do you mean?"

"Archie may be a fortune hunter, but he's honest about it. He's sweet and I love him and we could have been happy together. The idea of his living off my money didn't bother me."

"Rosalind! Where's your pride?"

"The same place yours is going to be when I tell you a little item that might have altered your whole attitude if you'd known it before."

"What's that?"

"I'm pregnant..."

The man responsible for Rosalind's condition was just entering a

small, *intime* night club near his hotel. As the hatcheck girl helped Archie off with his topcoat, her large, half-spangled, half-bare breasts insinuated themselves just below his shoulders. Their pressure made Archie turn around. He was greeted by an open invitation in her eyes. With \$5,000 in cash burning a hole in his pocket, he didn't hesitate for an instant. "What time do you get through here?" he asked. She told him and they made arrangements to meet. From the looks of her, Archie told himself, the \$5,000 wouldn't last long; but it would sure be fun while it did last.

He sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. Just as the bartender brought it a pretty, expensively-dressed girl in an evening gown turned from the stool beside him and asked him for a light for her cigarette. Providing it, Archie

introduced himself politely. When she told him her name, his ears perked up. It was a name that meant oil wells and cattle and oodles of money.

"You're quite rich, aren't you?" he said conversationally.

"Quite."

"I'm quite poor."

"But you have... other qualities." Her voice was suggestive.

"Yes," he laughed. "I'm also a firm believer in sharing the wealth."

"What about value given for value received?"

"It's the hallmark of my philosophy." He let his leg brush gently against hers and felt a quick answering pressure...

That's the way it was with Archie. Financial love affairs were more than just a means of being a Robin Hood of sex. They were his way of life. ●

THE MILLIONAIRE SHE-DEVIL

(Continued from page 8)

ter has been expelled from school for "conduct generally unbecoming a lady"—particularly for starting a fire in the dormitory; leading a "jockstrap raid" on a nearby men's college dorm; and getting caught in *flagrante delicto* with the leading man, backstage, during the school play.

"She's just high-spirited," mumbled Jason as he read the bad news.

Then he leveled with me. "Mac—what the hell can I do about her?" He looked suddenly old.

I'm afraid I'm the one who started the whole business right then and there. Because I said, jokingly, "Why not bring her down here and let her and Lance Muldoon lock horns? They might tame one another."

It had to be a joke because Judy was only nineteen and Lance Muldoon was—well, how do you describe a guy like that? The field manager of Gillette Gems, Lance was thirty years old, six-three, 210, handsome as any B movie hero, divorced twice, an ex-heavyweight boxer of sorts, Korean vet with three decorations—hell, if you just hit the high spots, you only get half an idea of what he was like. I don't have time to tell the rest: how no man or woman ever tamed him; how he treated both men and women alike—they were necessary nuisances designed to satisfy his various needs, whims and appetites.

Sure, Lance Muldoon had a problem, but haven't we all? The thing is, he was such a big guy that his problem seemed that much bigger. We often wondered what it was but, not relishing the idea of suicide, nobody ever asked him about it.

Well, like I said, I suggested we get him and Judy together—just joking. But old Jason Gillette took fire at the idea. "That," he shouted,

"is it! Look at it this way, Mac—they're both headed for perdition individually, in any case. It might be better if they go together—and maybe they might just save one another, instead. We ought to give them the chance, right?"

I didn't think so, but I said right, because when Jason decides something, well, you'd better say right.

So Judy flew down to Georgetown two weeks later. We picked her up in my personal Cessna 180—which I often flew around on company business—and brought her, bag, baggage, pony tail and toreador pants, to the mine, setting her up in the building used as an office and living quarters by Jason and me.

The reason I can tell the rest of this with authority is that everybody likes, and confides in, me. At a youngish (I think) 39, I'm a sort of father-confessor type. For some reason, men and women alike trust me; so they talk to me the way they'd hesitate to talk to a relative or spouse. However, I can tell you it's pretty hard to feel fatherly when a very beautiful, very young, girl is sitting on the arm of your chair, with one C-cup an inch from your maxillary muscle and spilling her intimate little insides.

Well, then...

From the very beginning, Judy and Lance were like two skilled swordsmen parrying, riposting, looking for the right opening. Except for the times when it was like a couple of Sumo wrestlers meeting head on. With Jason and me, Judy had her way in everything; she bossed us around unmercifully, and we loved it. She kept busy by helping around the office and studying nature in the nearby jungle areas. "She was designed for this kind of life," said old

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Jason, happily. "Once she and Lance get squared away, we'll be one big happy family."

Instead of getting squared away, they squared off. One day at dinner—we four had our meals together in the house—Judy gave Lance an order. He told her he'd paddle her backside then and there if she tried ordering him around. Well, she did and he did—right at the table! As Jason and I watched in awe, he grabbed her and threw her like a rag doll across his knee. Whack! and the next minute Judy was clawing and punching at him, half laughing, half crying.

I probably should have kept out of it, but when I felt Lance was getting a little too rough, I separated them, giving him a shove. He outweighed me by thirty pounds, but he went sprawling. That ended it, but the situation had now become a bit sticky.

It was Judy herself who told me about how she and Lance finally conquered one another. She came up to my room a few days after their fight. It was near bedtime and I was being comfortable in my smoking jacket, with a drink on the table and Berlioz on the record player. I'm one of those British-Americans who takes his comforts with him, wherever. Judy, as usual, didn't mess with ceremony or apologies or anything—she came right over and sat on the arm of the chair. She had on a tasteful, if scanty, negligee, but didn't work it to death.

"I've got to talk to someone," she said, and sipped at my drink with delicious intimacy. A momentary pang passed through my aorta and I wished to hell I'd met a Judy-type twenty years earlier. I didn't actually resent Lance Muldoon; it was my duty to help Jason get him and Judy together. And, anyway, I was "Uncle Mac," wasn't I?—twice as old as this vibrant young girl who doubtless thought Berlioz was some-

thing you fed to horses, and smoking jackets should be burned alive.

So, not realizing she was drawing and quartering me, Judy told me how she had, that very afternoon, met her maker—and just how he had made her. In the demo shack at the mine, it had happened. She had gone out, she said, with the avowed purpose of seducing Lance, and that's what she had done.

"He fought like anything," she said proudly, her cheeks rosy and that adorable glint in her blue eyes, "—but after I lured him into the shack it was no contest."

When her little confession was done and she said, "What do you think?" I tried not to let my jaw muscles twitch as I patted her silken blonde thatch and muttered, "I hope you'll both be very happy. Now get the hell out of here."

She went, laughing as though she'd cracked a joke at my expense. As, indeed, she had.

And she came back. Three days later. This time, the assignation had taken place in the airplane shed out at the strip. I thought of telling her off—that I wasn't interested in her private ruttings—or the public ones, either. But, somehow, having her sit there next to me, with her shoulder or knee occasionally brushing against mine, and sensing the youth she transmitted like radio waves—it was better than nothing at all. Worse, yes, because it was torture; but, hell, we're all masochists or sadists to some degree, and I would rather be hurt by her than hurt her. It wouldn't have been so bad if this wasn't the kind of girl I woke up twenty-five years ago and found something was different about her.

By the end of the month I was pretty well wrung out. I wondered how much more I could take. I only hoped I could last until Judy and Lance got married.

One evening after dinner, Lance and I were discussing the payroll in



"How much of a loan did you have in mind?"

the office, just the two of us. Some moth-eaten remnant of hope (yes, damn it, I had had hopes!—not of making it with Judy, but hope that she hadn't been making it with Lance) made me slap him playfully on the shoulder. In buddy-buddy fashion, I said, "Okay, let's have it. Two guys, so far, have told me they saw you and Judy rolling in the rhubarb together. How about it?"

He stared at me for a few seconds and I had visions of spending the next month in the infirmary. Then he grinned. "I didn't think we'd been so careless. From now on, we'll exercise the proper precautions."

I found an excuse to leave the office. I hadn't thought it would make me so sick.

The whole cauldron blew its lid a couple of hours later. So did I. After wandering around the village awhile, I knew what I had to do. First I went back to the office. Both Judy and the old man were there. I told him I was quitting—right now—and he could settle up with me by mail. He was still in a state of shock as I stalked out.

Judy wasn't. She ran after me and, as I stomped upstairs to pack, she slugged me right between the shoulder blades. I turned to find her glaring at me, her lovely face still lovely in anger. "I can't stand a coward," she said, "and you haven't the guts you were born with!" Then she turned and started toward the door.

At that moment, Lance walked in, his bulk blocking the doorway. He glanced from Judy to me and back, sizing up the situation at a glance. Then, as Judy tried to push her way past him, he seized her roughly. Although talking to her, he looked me straight in the eye.

"That's no way to treat your lover, baby." He pulled her close to him. "Give me a kiss before you go—to hold me until tonight."

She tried to break away, but it was like trying to break out of an iron maiden. He forced his lips against hers.

Okay, so I went berserk. It's the only explanation. I leaped down the half dozen steps to the landing in one jump, pulled Judy away from Lance, and then I let him have it square on the button. It knocked him through the doorway. I went after him.

It was the surprise of it that saved me. I'm not the most robust person in the world and, at 39, I've had it as an athlete. But I have a few memories of teaching Karate during the war, and a subsequent hitch with the French, where I became pretty fair at *la savate*.

The truth is that poor Muldoon didn't have a chance as I kicked, stabbed and elbowed him into an inert heap in seconds. (Cont.)

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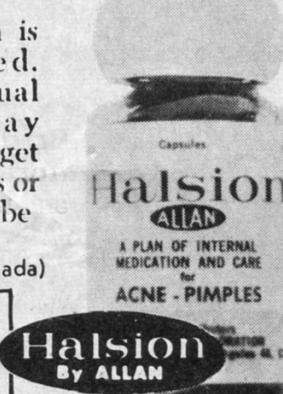
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Then I turned, brushing by Judy—who stood staring at me like someone being prepared for brain surgery—and went upstairs to my room. It took me five minutes to pack. They could send the rest of the stuff to me in Honduras. A friend there had been trying for two years to get me to go partners with him in a bush airline. I decided that, if it had taken all of this emotional agony to give me the guts to do it—well, it was all to the good.

Not all. I knew I would never quite get Judy Gillette out of my system. But I could sure as hell try.

The effort lasted just ten minutes—the time it took to drive out to the landing strip. She was waiting for me in the Cessna when I opened the door of the shack.

She didn't say anything for a while—just let me unwind. I got it all out and it took a good five minutes. I finished by ordering her out of the airplane. "Now get the hell back to your Muldoon and let me live the rest of my life in peace!"

She didn't go. She said, so quietly I could barely hear her, "I've loved you from the instant I laid eyes on you. We're leaving here together in this airplane, and as soon as we get to wherever we're going, I'm going to marry you."

I sat down on the nearest wheel. I would have had to sit down if it had been a hurricane lamp.

Judy went on, her eyes on mine. "I'm no virgin, but I'm no tramp, either. As for Lance Muldoon, I admit I was curious. Also, I saw through that silly plot of yours and Dad's—to get me and Lance together. I decided to teach you a lesson." She leaned forward a little to stress her words. "I never once went to bed with him."

I pawed at the air. "Then why did you give me all those blow-by-blow accounts of—of—" The warm wonderful feeling left as suddenly as it had come, "—And why did he confirm them?"

She laughed like glass tinkling in the wind. "Nothing original about that. I saw right away that you were the strong, silent, pipe-and-slippers and whiskey-and-soda type who would never forget our age difference or the fact that Dad wanted me for Lance. You'd stand by and let him have me even though it tore your insides out—let alone mine. As for Lance's confirmation—" she shook her head with genuine pity, "—I feel so sorry for him. Don't you see? The poor guy did that to bolster his shattered ego. I checked on him the week after I got here—after I found he wasn't in the least affected by my devastating charms. Among other things, I paid a visit to Madame Tong's fun-and-games house. Lance has been there, yes—many times—but not for a girl."

"You mean—?" I blinked at her. I felt sorry for him, I really did. And do. Those two marriages were simply cover-ups, as was the need to act like a he-man and, on the surface, be one.

The wonderful warm feeling was back, only double. I looked around the rickety hangar. "I believe you

mentioned this place in one of your wild tales. Shall we—?"

Judy drew me to her. "Let's wait till we get to where we're going."

I kissed her lightly. "Do you know where we're going?"

She nodded. "Yep—Paradise."

As usual, she was right. We've been here ever since. ●

LOVE ON A CREDIT CARD

(Continued from page 20)

that they are only too happy to supply to their credit card customers on demand. On the bill, they will be listed as extra food or drink items such as high-priced wines or rare, imported pâtés—but the customer knows very well what he is paying for. And since the restaurant is paid directly by the credit company, it runs no risk of the customer refusing to honor the often inflated bill.

Some spots go even further than this, having special private rooms where joy can be had for the asking. One of the most famous restaurants on the East Coast is known as much for the beauty of the unlisted "dishes" on its menu as it is for the excellence of its cuisine.

But the most outrageous operators of all are those which supply female companionship to guests in many of the best hotels in the country. They may operate under cover of most any type of store from garages to candy shops, but their real income is derived through agents such as the

bellhop I mentioned in the beginning of this article.

More often than not, they operate without the knowledge—or, at least, the "official" knowledge—of the hotels, themselves. But, despite this handicap, they have become big business and are normally run by men connected with America's multi-billion dollar crime syndicate.

What do the credit card companies think of all this? They don't like it. But there is very little they can do to change the situation.

When they catch a bar or restaurant that features girls for hire, they cancel its affiliation. But due to the nature of this "business" it is hard for the credit outfits to ferret out the bad apples in their basketful of stores.

So, kicks on the cuff still goes on. And they will undoubtedly keep going on for as long as men have a taste for "the sweet life" and a magic plastic card through which they can satisfy that taste. ●

RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS BORDELLOS

(Continued from page 12)

appeared in the lovely *horizontales*. It was not only in bed that these girls were trained to make a man comfortable. The prelude to love-making was lively conversation in the *salon* drawingroom, while being waited on by impeccable servants.

Not that the ladies' more amorous training was neglected. Far from it. They knew the love-making techniques that were devised to stop just short of driving a man out of his mind. All the many varieties of love-making were practiced with equal skill. If many of these girls were paid small fortunes and were able to retire as wealthy young ladies, there were good reasons for this fact.

If a man had a taste for the bizarre and the unusual, he had no trouble in finding high-priced establishments which catered to this sort of amusement, also. Paris was notoriously tolerant, and there were very few practices a man could not indulge in and very few sights he could not see—that is, as long as he had the money to pay for his fun.

Even while *La Belle Epoque* was in full swing, however, social re-

formers endeavored to abolish the system. The first serious move was made in 1903, when a special commission was set up to consider the possible closing of the bordellos. Nothing came of it, of course, but the talk did go on.

Then came the first World War with its tremendous social and financial upheavals. The bordellos, like all luxuries were shaken. They made a partial recovery in the twenties and thirties, but never regained their earlier heights.

There were two main reasons for this—and both are tied in with the new rights for women. In the first place, as housewives gained the vote and became more powerful politically, they did not neglect their old enemy the high living prostitute. Secondly, young women demanded more sexual freedom for themselves and entered into direct competition with the professionals.

The conflict came to a head after World War II, with the houses—both great and small—closing their doors in 1946.

Does this mean that prostitution is

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dead in France? Certainly not! It is not even illegal. The law only mentioned the state-regulated brothels and said nothing about making prostitution a crime or chasing the girls off the streets.

Today, Paris still holds more than 20,000 prostitutes. The police have a rather roundabout way of making sure that they get regular examinations by authorized doctors. Whenever a woman is arrested for "soliciting," police ask her to produce a card showing that she has had a checkup within the past week. If she doesn't have this proof, she is taken off to a hospital for a physical.

There are, of course, a good many illegal bordellos still operating in the back rooms of bars, steam baths,

beauty parlors and other institutions. But for the most part the girls have taken to the streets.

So, an era has ended. For good? That is hard to say. Certainly the moral reformers and feminists who brought about the change hope it is for good. But the new law did not legislate a new morality and there has already been some talk about bringing the state-approved bordellos back.

It's doubtful, though, that they actually will return—at least in our age. And, even if they do, it's not likely that they will reach their former glory. That was the glory of another day, a day which had its faults, true enough, but also had its pleasures.

MEL TORME—OUT OF THE FOG

(Continued from page 26)

progressive musicians. Now, he would sing the kind of songs he likes in the free and easy manner in which he most likes to sing.

How did the public react? They may well have been puzzled at first. But as they listened to Torme sing, the most knowledgable among them realized that they were hearing an authentic jazz stylist. His knowledge of music from the composer's end permits him to use rhythms and harmonies that many singers can just reach for in a rare moment of inspiration.

His latest recording is an Atlantic release called, "Comin' Home Baby." A strictly jazz waxing with tremendous rhythmic feeling, it has still become a fast commercial success.

The record company, itself, reports that in their entire history, no record has been picked by so many disk jockies so quickly.

This new feeling of strength seems also to show itself in Mel's private life. He lives more quietly, now, with his second wife, Arlene, and is no longer the feisty, trigger-tempered "kid" that many in the music business still remember with a hardly concealed shudder.

What will his future be like? Considering Torme's erratic if sometimes brilliant career in the past, no one is willing to prophesy. But for the present, at least, Torme is happy and satisfied. He has finally left the cornballs and has gone over to the solid jazz buffs.





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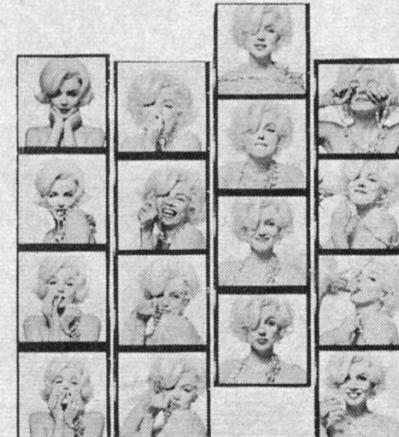
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THE GREATEST TRICK

(Continued from page 50)

her friend. "I know you're my best friend, dear. But please don't try to muscle in on my date."

"Your date! You know I've had my eye on him for months."

"Well just put your eye back in its socket, dear, and get lost!"

"Girls," I said. "Girls."

But they weren't listening to me. Indeed, they weren't even listening to each other. Penny's hands had a death grip on Sally's hair, while Sal was doing her level best to rip off Penny's blouse.

Under the circumstances, there was only one thing for me to do: Leave.

I went into an all-male bar, ordered a couple of double martinis and tried to think things through. I had to be careful. That was plain. From now on, I would only think of that word when I meant business.

I had dinner and ordered a few more drinks. The world was looking brighter, again. I decided to go into a night club, one where they had a real wild chorus line. There I could make my selection.

I went into the Curvy Corner and took a seat by the bar. Once the show began I could see everything I needed to from there.

And there was a lot to see. This joint had the reputation of having the barest show in town, and it certainly did its best to live up to its name. One production number featured a whole line of girls in G-strings, large flowered hats and nothing else in between. I took it all in happily. Any one of them would be worth thinking "rail" for, I thought.

At that point the girls seemed to lose interest in their dance. They climbed down from the stage and headed towards the bar. I went rigid. I had done it again!

The girls were starting to converge on me, trying to elbow each other out of the way. The manager was

turning purple, the audience was trying to decide if it was all part of the act and I was looking around the room, wildly, trying to find a way out.

Why couldn't have kept control of myself? I wondered, frantically. Why did I have to think of "rail" then?

My eyes had been darting everywhere. So every female in the room was affected, this time! Old ones, young ones, ugly ones, pretty ones, they left the tables of their husbands and lovers to mix with the mob of near naked chorus girls who were descending upon me.

The place was a pandemonium. Every time a woman would get near me, five or six others would grab her, knock her down and struggle to take her place. They were clawing, grabbing, hitting and screeching at each other. It was hard to tell who would win. The chorus girls had the reach and height over the lady customers, but in their exposed state they were far more vulnerable to dirty tactics.

It was all too much for me. It's nice to be loved, but, after all, there is a limit! I made a wild dash for the door and managed to escape.

I went back to my flat and locked the door. Then, I took a cold shower—a poor substitution for what I had in mind, but it did clear my head. I needed to think.

By now, it's morning and I still can't find a solution. Oh, the answer sounds simple enough: Just don't think of that word unless the conditions are right. But did you ever try not thinking of something? Hah!

I am going back to that magic shop, though. I know he warned me and he said that he couldn't take the word away until it wears out in two or three years. But perhaps he has a trick that will take me to the South Pole! I could wait there in peace.

Maybe he even knows a way to make Crispin come along! ●

THE FACTS OF LIFE

(Continued from page 34)

... I'm glad we had this talk though, Bill. And I hope you learned something from it."

"Oh, I did, Dad, I did."

"Good. Well, good night then. And remember, son, everything in moderation . . ."

* * *

"Hey, babe, dancing with you is the vertical fulfillment of a horizontal desire."

"Boy, you really come on strong, don't you, Bill? I mean, after all, we just met."

"We been talking without words since we started dancing, baby. Come on, let's go some place where we can be alone."

"I don't know, Bill, I'm a nice girl. I mean you should know that about me. . . . What are you laughing about?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking of something my dad said to me before I left tonight. It's not important. . . . Come on, sweetie, let's find ourselves some privacy."

"Well, all right . . ."

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HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

(Continued from page 56)

sticks in your mind presently, Flip?" "I'll say there is."

"Tell our audience about it, Flip."

"It was in the game against Omega Nu. We were trailing by six points with about five minutes left to play in the last quarter. It was third down with eight yards to go and we were on their 23 yard line. The only thing we could do was take to the air. I called a pass play, held onto the ball until the last possible minute after they'd broken through our line, then fired it at our Left End behind their goalposts. The Left End jumped high in the air for it, and—"

"Yes? Yes?"

"Her bra strap broke."

"Oh."

"Yeah, she came down clutching her hands to her chest, but she didn't have the ball. It had been intercepted by the Omega Right End—a girl who could depend on her Maidenform. She took off down that field in a really great exhibition of broken field running. Within seconds, there was nothing between her and our goal but me. I gauged her carefully, to the split second, then loosed a flying tackle that caught her right above the knees."

"So you brought her down—?"

"Not exactly. What the force of my tackle really brought down was her pants. She kept on running."

"That's too bad. So she made the touchdown—"

"No. She tripped on her pants and fell flat on her face in the mud. I immediately jumped on top of her and tried to get the ball. Both my team and hers piled on top of both of us. What a mess!"

"Did you get the ball?"

"Yeah. And the chain, too."

"I beg pardon?"

"When they finally pulled everybody off us, she and I were lying on the ground unconscious. She didn't have her pants on. I guess you might say our position was compromising. Some damn fool reporter snapped a picture of us and it was in the paper the next day. Her father saw it. He came around with a shotgun and we were married the following weekend."

"Heh-heh; yes... Well, Flip, tell us about some of your other gridiron experiences."

"There weren't any. That was the only game I ever played in."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. After that, they drummed me out of the sorority. They said anybody who'd marry the opposing team's Right End must be a fink."

"That's a shame."

"Yeah, If it'd been a Tackle, I don't think they would have minded so much..."

"So now I'll bet you and your wife and the kids have your own little scrimmages..."

"How much?"

"What?"

"How much will you bet?"

"Oh. That was just a figure of speech..."

"Like my wife."

"Huh?"

"She's a figure of screech!"

"Ha-ha-ha. Oh, Flip, you sure do have a wonderful sense of humor... Tell me, did you play ball in the service?"

"No, Artie. By the time I got into the Army I'd had enough of balls—baseball, footballs, basketballs—to last me a lifetime."

"I suppose so..."

"Yeah, there's only one trouble."

"Yes. Umm... So you were too busy fighting the war to participate in athletics in the service, right?"

"Wrong. I was in a real jockstrap outfit—Sorry! Sorry!—I mean, our CO was extremely athletic-minded, and everybody in our outfit had to get out there and strain his muscles for the regiment."

"I see... Are we still on?... Oh, good... And which sport did you participate in, Flip?"

"I boxed... A kangaroo."

"You boxed against kangaroos?"

"Just one. She knocked me out. I never boxed again. I took up the base viola instead."

"You gave up your ring career for music. You traded glory for the satisfactions of the arts. Your family must have been very proud."

"Not exactly, Arty... The fact is, they couldn't stand hearing me play. I was pretty bad."

"But you stuck to it, determined to make Carnegie..."

"No. I stopped playing. I just held on to the base viola."

"Oh... Why?"

"In case that kangaroo came near me again... I was going to bust it right over her skull!"

"What a sportsman! I ask you, folks, is this a sportsman? That applause, ladies and gentlemen, is our studio audience showing their appreciation of a really great champion, Flip Fenstermacher... Well, Flip, I see we don't have too much time left. Is there anything else about your athletic career you'd like to tell us?"

"No."

"I see... Modesty, folks, is one of Flip Fenstermacher's most endearing qualities... Uh, do you ever play at sports with your kids, Flip?"

"Not if I can help it!... They take after their mother."

"I see. What games do they play?"

"Potsy is their favorite."

"And you never play with them?"

"Well... Once I did."

"Tell us about it in the 35 seconds we have left, Flip."

"There's not much to tell. I was going for eights-y, and I slipped on the key and broke my ankle."

"And your children were crest-fallen..."

"They havn't stopped laughing."

"... Which shows they have a great sense of humor, just like their father. They've got a lot to live up to; it isn't easy having a father who's a real all-round champion like Flip Fenstermacher... Flip, I want to thank you for being our guest tonight and wish you the best of luck in the upcoming match against Yugoslavia."

"Thank you, Artie. It was a real pleasure. Good night."

"Good night, Flip Fenstermacher. There he goes, ladies and gentleman... Flip Fenstermacher, a real sportsman, outfielder, quarterback, hooper and boxer... Yessirree, Flip Fenstermacher, World Champion Tiddleywinks player!... And this is Artie Gabble signing off now, and leaving you with this thought: When Flip's in there defending the championship, fighting knuckle-and-nail with everything he's got, he's not just defending his title; he's giving his all for all of us!... Good night."

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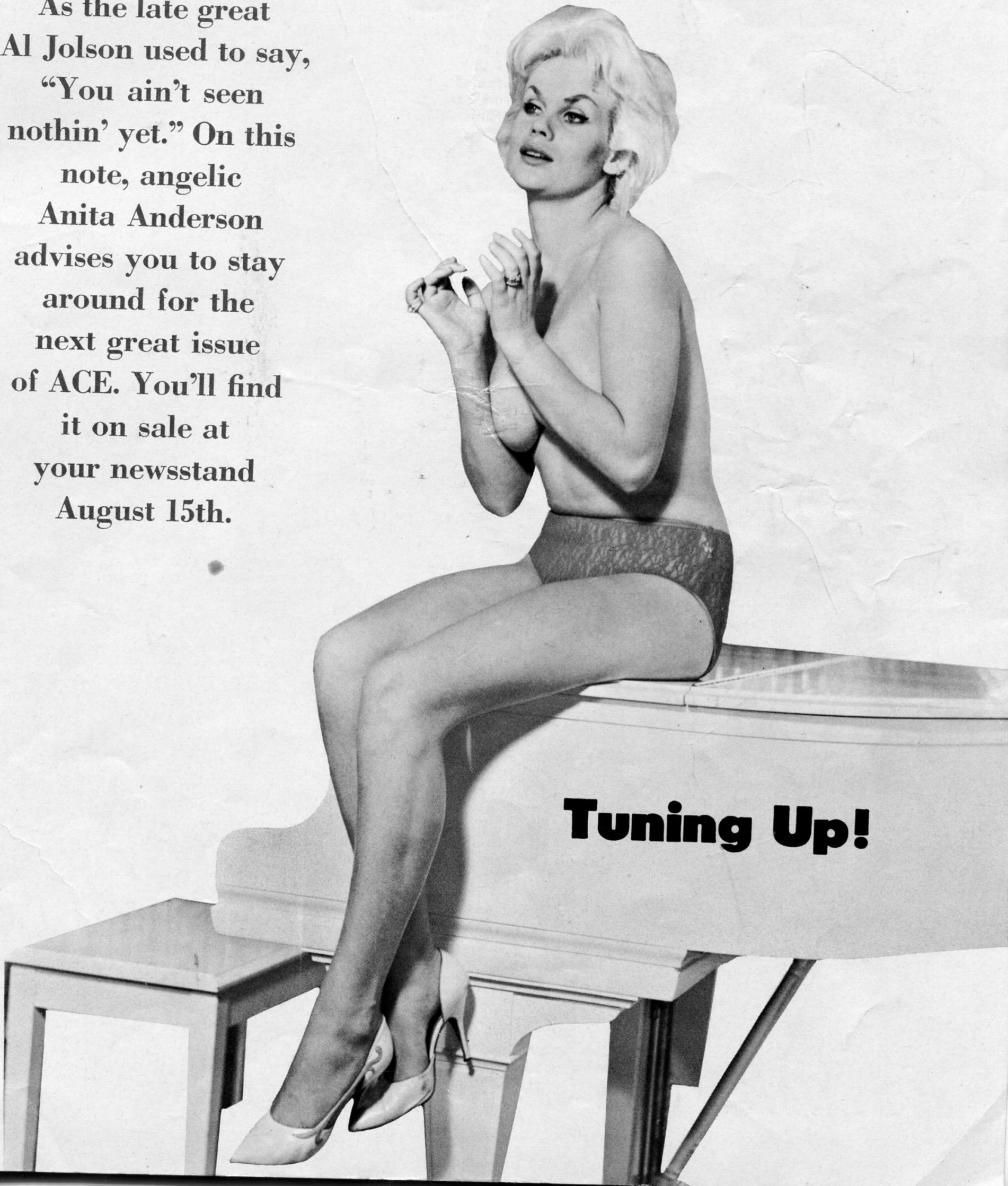
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